

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have a thoughtful and well written letter *apropos* of my principal subject of last week, setting forth that Single Tax is the cure-all in matters of poverty, inequality, and the haunting fear that the old age of many of us may be helpless and hopeless. I admit not being well versed in the Single Tax theory, but to me it seems that no tax will make everybody rich, no matter whether it is single or double, nor can a tax save anyone from poverty unless the proceeds of taxation be properly divided amongst those who need bread as well as fire and police protection. The answer may seem superficial, but it appears to me adequate that it is not only in the source of taxation, but in the division of taxes collected that we must look for a re-arrangement of the economic conditions of the people.

As a matter of fact, the very poor pay little or no taxes, and the rich pay on a large assessment and can better afford to pay their thousands than the poor can their dollars. With this only as a basis the Single Taxer can find a foundation for his argument, but supposing land only be taxed, the poor having no land would pay no taxes; their impulse to till the soil would not be increased; their tendency to huddle in masses in the centers of population would still continue; rentals would increase rather than decrease; food products are cheap enough now but they are not obtainable by those who have not the price to pay, and they would not be provided them then, and altogether, with nothing but a general idea of the scheme, I cannot see how the unemployed classes would be benefited. Were Single Tax to be the rule, buildings might be put up, but that would only benefit the artisan during the period they were being erected. Single Tax could not make rentals cheaper than they are in Toronto to-day, where houses and lots will not pay the taxes and yet are left empty. Then why clamor for a change which would not be a benefit?

As a matter of fact there is no cure-all for the evils which arise out of the many wants and weaknesses and disabilities of humanity. Following out the special line of last week, there is only one thing which is absolutely evident in the changed conditions of the New World, taken in connection with the competing conditions and people of the Old World, and that is that those who are reputed to be well-to-do, even rich, must learn that *less must do each one of them and that something must be provided for all.*

Without exhausting anyone's patience by a prolonged discussion of this matter, it must be evident that if something is provided for all it must be in the nature of work, and that the work must be for the benefit of all; that to be for the benefit of all it must be a national work; that it must be a graded work upon which all who are unemployed can be placed without damage to their self-respect or a loss of their status as workmen, or laborers, or whatever they may be. All this is easily enough accomplished, for on every work there is a different grade of labor employed at each period of its advancement, and the semi-criminal and the thoroughly respectable classes could be widely separated, and yet their pay outside of what is absolutely necessary for their support could be sent to their families. In building a railroad, a canal, a dock, a breakwater, a prison or a public building of any kind, the unemployed classes working upon undertakings for which the general taxpayer must settle, could not be esteemed as disturbers of the regular wage-earning class. The withdrawal of the so-called unemployed from the ranks of those who are continually applying for work would give the legitimate artisan more opportunities and better pay, while in the finishing of all such Government undertakings the independent workman would always be called in, and, coarse work having been created for those who otherwise would be mendicants, finer work would result for the skilled workman and his comrades. Thus if semi-criminal labor were to be used to blast out a tunnel or a canal, and "dependent" labor were to follow in doing other work, skilled labor would be required to finish the work, so nobody would be injured. If the laborer had to join the class known as "dependent workmen" he would probably get as good pay and better food than their wives would. Why should he care if his clothes were made by criminal labor in the prison, or his food cooked by those who are unable to take care of themselves or make a living without Government supervision? He would be in great luck during hard times if he were well fed, well housed, and the sum of say seventy-five cents a day were being sent home to his family.

However, I have discussed these things so often, and as this matter is a repetition of last week's remarks, I only desire to repeat that providing work for the unemployed of a country, whether the unemployed be criminal, unfortunate, drunken, or merely unable to obtain work, is a matter for the provincial or national government, not for the municipality. The municipality would be at the same disadvantage in arranging for a postal, inland revenue, express or educational service, if such things were left to local management, as now hampers them when they try to take care of their unemployed. If every township or county were forced to make arrangements for the mutes, the blind, the insane, or for criminals who are sentenced to be confined for long terms, the expense would be enormously increased, the service would be wretchedly bad, and the results exceedingly poor as compared with the Dominion and Provincial systems. While all these things have been made matters of Provincial or Dominion concern, the providing of work for criminals, the finding of positions for hopeless drunkards, the procuring of proper employment for those who are past the prime of life and yet are willing and able to do some labor, the introduction of a general system of work upon which every man can find a place who goes to the chief executive of his municipality and says that he cannot find employment, have been absolutely neglected.

Look at it for a moment and see how unjust this is. If a child be born blind the Province takes care of it, and at enormous expense teaches it to read and write and to make a living for itself; the deaf and dumb are instructed at great expense; idiots are housed, fed and clothed; lunatics are watched and treated; criminals are provided with shelter, instruction, raiment and food; but the

Christianity and organized Christians have a task in this matter which apparently is not generally understood or undertaken. Christians recognize that God is the Father of all and Christ the Saviour of all, and yet they do not seem to care for that which is evident to everybody, that the devil is the boarding-house-keeper with whom at least half the world lodges, and for whom they toil without hope of obtaining a more indulgent employer.

Why is it more blameworthy to be born "shiftless," incapable, even lazy, than to be born blind, or mute, or to become crazy? Why should a person who cannot obtain employment be reckoned less worthy than one who cannot speak, or hear, or see? Why should natural deformities be considered and economic derangements be overlooked? Is it more of a sin against the community to be born physically blind than to be born blind to chances in life? The one is cared for, educated, and pitied, while the other is left to tramp, beg, steal or die. Why should a mental defect appeal less

mental railway, to perfect her canal system, to open up her wildernesses, and if every little province had wandered off by itself the great development of our mineral wealth which is sure to come in the next three or four years, might have been retarded for half a century. Now that Parkes and Dibbs have dropped out of Australian politics, and the ascendancy of Hon. George Houston Reid and other younger men has begun, it may chance that progress towards union may be made, for although Sir Henry Parkes worked for union, and many of the younger men are either opposed or non-committal with regard to it, yet it is often true that with changed men politics change.

The statement made in a *Telegram* despatch from Ottawa that at the coming session of Parliament there may be made a change in the postal law requiring that postage shall be paid on all newspapers carried through the mails, is one that is vastly important to publishers. A rate per pound was once charged on all papers mailed from the office of publication, but Can-

cents per year or less. These papers can be sent direct to the readers at that price, growing bigger and bigger as type-setting machines are improved. Against the tide of affairs the country press cannot hold out. The Sunday papers of the United States, conscienceless and vast, are flooding the country too. Evening papers are sent out for one dollar a year, for half a dollar, or scattered broadcast for nothing. If postage were collected, this mad manufacture of shoddy newspapers would abate. The publishing business would again become something more than a mere branch of manufacture—it might recover the status it has so largely lost, and its center of gravity might revert again from the press-room to the editorial room.

After what was said on this page last week about literary chaps who are made famous by the press, yet give newspaper men no credit for the part they play, it is pleasant to refer to a real newspaper man who has brought out a book. R. K. Kernighan, who is known either personally or by name to almost every press man in Canada as The Khan, has at last put forth his poems in book form through the office of the *Hamilton Spectator*. Many a magazine article has been written about the Canadian poets, containing never a mention of Mr. Kernighan. The eyes of the log-rollers failed to perceive him. The one who contrived to get an article into a magazine by the dodge of writing of those whose names and persons were more or less familiar to the magazine editor, passed The Khan by because he was not a magazine writer—not a poet, merely a maker of newspaper verse. The others were all poets—the editor of the magazine by publishing their verse had crowned them as poets, and therefore could not very well refuse an article appreciative of their work. In some reviews of Canadian poetry The Khan's work has been mentioned, but generally there have been all manner of "ifs" lugged in in such cases to rob the reference of effect. The Khan's poems are now out in book form, and many of us will wait with amused interest to see what greeting it shall get from the somewhat unhappy family of Canadian poets, and those outside partisans in the household broil, the critics who contribute to the monthlies.

Mr. Kernighan, or his editor, has evidently suppressed many pieces of verse that were thought funny, or even able, when they appeared in the daily papers, and it cannot be denied that many of the pieces that are printed in the book detract from its merit. Yet those who know the author well are aware that the volume would not be The Khan's book if some stern judge had gone over the proofs, striking out those pieces which are sure to offend the bookish critic. The man's work is there with all its imperfections and its merits. For homely wisdom, humor, rhythm, some of the poems cannot be surpassed, and there is perhaps no man who can scan the book without happening upon something that will suit him amazingly. It is a book of surprises to the reader who does not know the author and to many who do know him. Although poetry is not very marketable, it will be strange if this volume fails to meet with a large sale, for The Khan is the poet of the multitude. The man who does not like the sweetly sentimental numbers can turn to the rhymed harangue of the old farmer to his son, entitled *Table Manners*, which, while not quite up to the level of poetry, is true to life and full of horse sense—just such a talk as one type of native farmer would give his boy for turning up his nose at "burnt mush." The Khan is probably the most original character that this province has yet produced, and his book should sell by the thousands and reach every town and village. He never valued money, or position, or any of those things that engross us all—even his book is only published as a result of determined pressure on the part of a few friends—and this strange fellow should be read by the masses.

The aldermen make a fine splurge during the month of January, and one not familiar with their habits might suppose that much legislation would be passed during the year. That things will drift as they have done in previous years is almost certain unless the Mayor, with an eye on Parliament, lays himself out to accomplish marvels to mark the last year of his reign. Mr. Fleming is an energetic person, blessed with a docile following, and if he wishes to show his capacity for affairs the means are at his hand. The aldermen, the Board of Control, the legal, engineering, and other departmental heads, will no doubt soon prove to have been hypnotized by him. If, therefore, his plans for the future take the form of a political career, he will probably drive matters with vigor all year; but if his future is mapped out along business lines, private or corporate, his activity may be great but he will not leave much sawdust or many chips along his track.

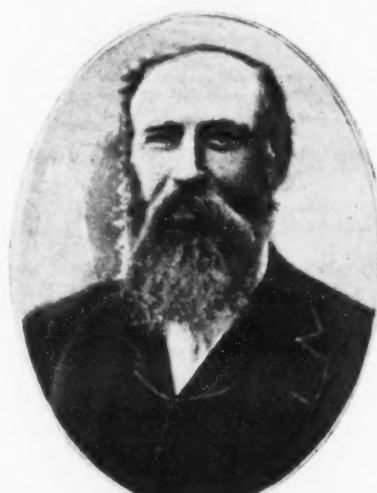
The proposal made by Ald. Spence to force the Street Railway to provide a seat for every passenger is reasonable but not feasible. Such a restriction would have this effect, that whenever all the seats in a car were occupied the company would refuse to let anyone else aboard, and so people would have to stand on the corner to await the next car, and a man might stand there for ten hours. If people were allowed to ride free upon cars that had no seating room unoccupied, it is conceivable that hundreds might ride free all the year round. The public certainly has a grievance, but the impatience of the average man and the exigencies of daily life forbid a sweeping rule



The Hon. George Houston Reid,
Premier of New South Wales.



The Hon. Sir George Turner, K.C.M.G.,
Premier of Victoria.



The Hon. Sir Hugh Muir Nelson, K.C.M.G.,
Premier of Queensland.



The Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, Q.C.,
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Premier of Western Australia.



The Hon. Sir E. N. C. Braddon, K.C.M.G.,
Premier of Tasmania.

THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTERS.

able-bodied and honest workman who cannot find anything to do must suffer and be treated like a dog. This is the pith of the whole matter. The governments of every country must take care of such a man and provide work for him. He may be discommoded by getting work which he would rather not do or by being separated from his family, which is not a bad thing for one who cannot engineer his own livelihood and take care of his children, and consequently should have few or none of them; but there is no earthly reason why he should be left to fare worse than the most unfortunate of God's creatures who from birth are a tax upon the nation.

It is perhaps worth while reiterating the basis of what may seem to be socialistic in this article, and that is, that as the world grows older and conditions change and finances shrink to the size of Old World affairs, even the well-to-do and the reputedly rich of this continent must learn that each one must do with less and that something must be provided for all.

It must be made apparent very soon, and sharply perhaps, even to the proud and supercilious, that though the man and woman may be shabby and ragged, and the mendicant impertinent and offensive, and the unemployed clamorous and objectionable, yet they are all fractions—vulgar fractions perhaps—of the whole people, the province, the nation, or whatever may be the name given to the group of animate beings which is organized for a general welfare and in which these segments form part of the circle. As such they have their rights, and denied of their rights they are a dynamite cartridge, full of danger, and the proper grading and employment of them all is as much a task of the Government as the building of railroads or the collection of taxes.

to the sympathy of the community than a physical defect? Why should congenital idleness appeal to us and that idleness of conduct which makes a man or woman incapable of being self-sustaining, be ignored?

In looking upon the portraits of the Australian premiers, the first impression of a Canadian is one of surprise that these six colonies have not long ago been confederated. America and Europe are quite unable to keep track of the various imaginary lines that divide Australia, nor can anyone at a distance from the island understand why there should be so many independent and first-class colonies on one block of land. Here in Canada we had a great difficulty in the way of confederation in the fact that a large part of the population was of French origin and spoke the French language and lived compactly in one colony, wherein their language and race were supreme. It was a task of some delicacy to federate two races in such a way that their inveterate prejudices should not grind upon each other. Yet the task was accomplished, thanks to a half-dozen broad-minded men. That Australia has so far been unable to erect a federal government is regarded in this country as due chiefly to the exigencies of petty politics in the respective colonies—the man who holds or shares, or hopes to hold or share, power in a small government, fears to risk his political fortune in a federated parliament, where the choice intellects of the other colonies would come into competition with him. The national debts in some of the Australian colonies are, *pro rata*, the highest in the world, going as high as \$300 for every man, woman and child. This, no doubt, is at once the desperation and the hope of the cause of confederation, for it not only makes union difficult of adjustment, but it shows that union is necessary to economy. It was Confederation that enabled Canada to build her transconti-

ada followed the lead of the United States and made newspapers free. The specious argument was advanced that newspapers are educational agents. The world has grown wiser and now knows that newspapers are manufactured products, much the same as dress patterns, window-blinds or wall-papers. A newspaper is a sheet of paper that has had stamped on it certain marks and designs that are meant to make it salable. A modern power press can produce almost as many box-cars of marketable goods in a week as can a shingle-cutter, and its output may have no greater educational influence and less permanent use. It is urged that free postage on newspapers reduces the cost to the reader, but free carriage of shingles would reduce their cost, as would the free carriage of anything—yet the people have to pay. The despatch already referred to mentions the case of one newspaper which, during the past month, called for and used eighteen hundred mail bags; that is, at the public expense this publisher had the use of the mails to the extent of seven box-cars in bulk. When I wrote on this subject before, several country papers took it up and professed to believe that the imposition of postage was a city newspaper scheme to crowd out rural weeklies. It is quite otherwise. The present order of things will soon ruin the local papers of this country. Great presses that can spin off immense rolls of paper in a few hours; advertising agents who increase their business by claiming that they publish fabulous editions; unlimited mail service carrying free all the papers such houses care to print—these are the forces that threaten to overpower all local publishers who cannot operate by wholesale. The local publisher has only to note the reductions in price and the increase in size of city papers to realize the storm that is brewing. The weekly editions of big city dailies are offered to country editors for clubbing purposes at forty

that everyone who pays fare shall have a seat. The people of the town would rebel before noon of the first day that saw such a rule enforced. All we can do is to make it profitable to the company to provide seats and rapid transit, and so the suggestion made last year by a prominent citizen that the man or woman who, for lack of a seat, is forced to stand up in a car, should only be required to contribute half a ticket to the fare box, is after all the simplest and best solution. There might be standing-room-only tickets purchasable from all conductors at the rate of ten or twelve for a quarter, only to be used when the passenger is unable to get a seat. This would cause conductors to see that all seats are used, and the practice followed by some women of taking up two sittings would be put to an end. Men get up every day to give seats to ladies in cars in which, if the women who have seats would only budge a few inches, there would be more than enough room for all. The courtesy demanded and that shown to others by ladies in the Toronto street cars is out of all proportion. Standing-room tickets would also solve this question very quickly, for it would be found that many women who coldly stare men out of their seats would prefer to stand at half-price. This, then, is a noble cause to which the men who ride on street cars should dedicate their lives.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt has, owing to temporary indisposition, been obliged to postpone this afternoon's reception until next Saturday, January 30.

The marriage of Miss Constance Jarvis and Mr. William Hope of Montreal took place at two o'clock on Wednesday in St. Simon's church, the rector, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, officiating. A very large and smart party of relatives and connections of both families were present. Miss Jarvis, wearing a lovely bridal gown of white satin with chiffon and rare lace, a coronet of orange blossoms and a veil of embroidered net, was led by her father, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, preceded by her sister and cousin, Miss Edith and Miss Mary Jarvis, in exquisite bridesmaids' gowns of pink satin, and *coquilles* of dainty lace, large black hats and immense bouquets of bridesmaid roses. The bride's bouquet was of white roses. As the little procession, led by the choir and clergyman, with the ushers, Mr. Angus Hooper and Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, passed up to the flower-decked chancel, where Mr. Hope and his brother and best man awaited the bride; many a spectator remarked "The handsome Jarvises." After the ceremony a reception was given by the bride's aunt, Mrs. (Sheriff) Jarvis, and Mr. and Mrs. Hope left on the five o'clock train for an eastern trip, the bride's going-away gown being of blue cloth braided, and hat *en suite*. The bridal gifts were very beautiful, including jewels, silver and a fine piano, to which let us wish the bride's sweet voice may sing for long and happy years to come.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's euchre party next Tuesday is sure to be a pleasant one.

Last evening a children's dance was given for her little ones by Mrs. George Macfarlane of Admiral road.

Miss Madeline and Miss Maud Cayley leave for England shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstane leave for Naples on Thursday week, with their two young daughters. Mr. Somerville returns early in the summer, and the rest of the travelers later on.

Mrs. Perrin of Bleeker street gave a tea yesterday.

Mrs. Reginald Denison gave a tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. McLaren of St. George street gave a large At Home last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Crowley's series of four musicales, given on the last four evenings of the past week, from five to seven, were most ably carried out in an artistic sense and greatly enjoyed by some hundred or more of her friends. As I remarked last week, such a "linked sweetness long drawn out," while thoroughly in the interests of those bidden, is a strain upon the hostess, especially when, in addition to planning and receiving, she also takes a share of the musical programme. Mrs. Crowley has wonderfully developed an always pleasing voice and has quite convinced her friends of her serious desire to sing well, and her success, under the careful training of Mr. Haslam, fulfills her desire. On each afternoon she sang varied selections and was assisted by several artists with her programmes. Everyone was delightfully entertained, and, after a dainty tea had been served, departed well pleased with the musical treat they had enjoyed.

Mr. Woodburn Osborne arrived from the Isle of Wight on Friday and will spend most of his leave in Toronto.

The Glee Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club of Victoria University intend holding their annual concert in the college chapel next Tuesday evening, January 26.

"Oh, the myriads of teas!" sighs the woman who would fain be twins or even triplets. The teas of '97 bid fair to outnumber those of any other season on record.

Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Morang and her sisters are receiving many visitors at Atherly, where they find themselves most comfortably settled.

Mrs. Somerville of Athelstane has returned from a very pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow of Ottawa. Mrs. Somerville took her handsome son and pretty little daughter with her, and at a children's dance given by the young Clemows, the little Toronto beauty held her own finely.

We have plenty of pretty women in Toronto, a few handsome ones, and scores whose innate goodness transfigures a plain face, but we have very few picturesque women. A slender, soulful creature on the west side, and a graceful, willowy woman up north, are two whom I can con-

scientiously dub picturesque, and yet there are a dozen of varying types who, if only they could realize their possibilities and would study their costumes and colors, might develop an individual loveliness at present killed by commonplace and conventional garb.

Sorrow and sympathy are everywhere expressed at the death of Mr. Herbert Robinson, who, with his charming wife, held a warm place in the esteem of many. For a long time Mr. Robinson has been a sufferer, and his devoted wife has nursed him with unfailing care. The funeral took place Thursday from the house of Mr. Harry Paterson, 14 Brunswick avenue.

Miss Baxter of Burlington has been visiting Mrs. Columbus Greene. She returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. McInnes of St. George street has been quite ill, but is fortunately now much better.

The Opal Club hold their second At Home on next Thursday evening in the Club's parlors, Pythian Hall.

Mrs. Harry Reburn (*nee* Lund) will be At Home the first and third Wednesdays of each month at 4 Pembroke street.

The Misses Gibbons, daughters of Mr. George Christie Gibbons, the clever and successful London barrister, are visiting Mrs. Macbeth at Osgoode, who gave a progressive euchre party last evening.

Mrs. A. Orr Hastings gives a ladies' tea on Wednesday next at her residence, 504 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Regan of Camden and Miss Atkinson of Gananoque are visiting Mrs. Charles Crowley of 383 Markham street, and with their host and hostess were of the Yvette Guilbert audience on Tuesday evening.

To-day's hockey at Victoria Rink is Toronto vs. Commerce. What a time we had to be sure shouting for whichever side we favored on last Tuesday's exciting evening.

Mrs. Harry Fearman of Hamilton was in town this week.

The investigation of the Q.O.R. deadlock was at last brought to a conclusion on Thursday.

Miss Winifred Rose has been missed from many of the merry dances this season. She is regaining strength but slowly after her serious tussle with typhoid, but was looking very well as she took her part in receiving on Tuesday.

Miss Maud Snarr sang charmingly at the final musicale of Mrs. Crowley's series. I heard some exceedingly nice things said of her rendering of Judith.

Dr. Annie Carveth, whose genius for caring for the sick and success in practice, as well as her own lovely nature, enshrined her in many hearts, has taken the step from girlhood to matronhood. Dr. Carveth was on Tuesday married to Mr. Higby in California.

Mr. Scott is much missed from his teller's box in the Dominion Bank, he being laid up with a lame knee.

The Dainty-Fitzhugh wedding, which took place on Wednesday of last week in Cobourg, was an exceedingly smart affair, and interested Toronto people in a marked degree. The pretty town of Cobourg has been the favorite summer resort of many of our society people, and the native place of several more, therefore links stronger than ordinary bind the little sister to her big city sister. The bride in whose marriage all this interest was excited was Miss Edith Dainty, daughter of Mr. John Dainty, and Mr. Henry Fitzhugh of Pittsburgh was the bridegroom. The bridal gown was of white satin with point lace, and pearl and diamond jewels. Miss Louise Dainty, the maid of honor, wore a smart gown of yellow satin, with large black picture hat and feathers. Miss Lillian Dainty and Miss Hilda Dumble, the first couple of maids in the bridal procession, wore white and yellow silk frocks; Miss Weatherspoon of New York, who had been for a few days the guest of Mrs. Fitzgerald, at 46 Bloor street west, and Miss Edith Stanton wore white and green frocks. All the maids wore large black hats and carried yellow roses. Mr. Carroll Fitzhugh was best man. The ushers, who had some work to seat the array of elegantly gowned guests, were Mr. Percy Dainty, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Childs and Mr. Grant. Some of the Toronto people who attended the wedding were: Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mr. Ned Staunton, Mr. Mullens, and others. Mrs. William Schomburger, aunt of the bride, gave a large ball on Wednesday evening to the wedding guests, and made the usually flat sequel to a wedding the brightest of the bright.

Mrs. Temple gives a luncheon party to-day.

"She has not a nice manner," remarked one woman of another, as with a brusque bow the latter brushed past. A nice manner, the happy medium between reserve and *abandon*, is rather a study to achieve. Many a well-meaning and warm-hearted soul is voted rude when she is only nervous and self-conscious, and often the chilly, unresponsive manner cloaks a nature longing for the gentle handling and subtle compliments with which social paths are made ways of peace.

Music or no music is often the question when arrangements are being put in train for a reception. Sometimes good music is engaged and stowed away in some upper landing; sometimes it is too close to the reception-room and renders one's pretty compliments to the hostess quite like a word of command delivered with full lung-power; sometimes the selections are noisy and vulgar; sometimes the instruments revel in vagaries of time or tune. There are good little orchestras in Toronto with leaders having judgment and humanity to poor *blouses* mortals with nerves a-quiver at a false note; and there are others! The hostess who takes sufficient interest in the refinements of entertaining to impress such notions as the above upon her musicians, and lets them see that she knows of and will note any shortcomings, has the thanks of many a soothed and pleased

guest. I particularly noticed the tuneful and subdued playing of the orchestra at a recent smart affair at Benvenuto, and was not alone in appreciation of it.

Mrs. Matthews of St. George street gave a lovely dinner party on Wednesday evening to sixteen guests.

Mr. J. Herbert Mason gave a luncheon at Ermeleigh to a number of gentlemen connected with one of the numerous companies which owe part of their success to his clever head. I believe this hospitality is an annual event at Ermeleigh.

Miss Mason of Ermeleigh is away on a visit of some duration in Ridgetown.

Mrs. Irwin (*nee* Carter) of 38 Wilcox street has gone for a long visit to her parents in Picton, trusting that her native air will complete her recovery from an illness which has caused her husband and her friends the greatest anxiety.

Among the many pleasant coteries which are known under the latter-day name of club, is the Victoria Euchre Club, which has been for a couple of years a most harmonious and enjoyable assembly of congenial spirits. Organized at its inception by Mrs. Kenneth Stewart and Mrs. Julius Miles, as a mild Lenten diversion, this club has flourished gaily to the amusement of those who love the game, and under the direction of the genial secretary, Mr. Stewart, has been one of the smaller winter fixtures for Thursdays. Some of the members are: Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. O'Brien, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming. The club met on Thursday at Mr. David Henderson's.

Miss Pope, daughter of the ex-U.S. Consul to Toronto, is visiting Mrs. James at Benvenuto.

Miss Mulock gave a young people's dance in honor of her guest, Miss Moncrief of Petrolia, on Tuesday evening, at which a goodly number of the season's debutantes and several of the season's visitors were present. Whenever any sort of social function is *en train* at the home of the hospitable Postmaster-General, the guests know that a good time is a foregone conclusion.

It is a peculiarity sometimes noticed in certain quarters that it seems impossible to "not know" people without acrimony. Were you ever unhappy enough to ask an acquaintance if you should have the pleasure of meeting him or her, especially her, at some impending smart affair, and to be answered with a vigor and an acidity that made you wink, "No, I don't know them," or even more offensively, "No, I don't visit those people?" If you haven't been, then you have the honor of belonging to a perfectly contented and self-respecting set, and should be proportionately thankful.

The Opera House was filled with rather a smart crowd on Tuesday evening to hear Yvette Guilbert and her support, as it was misnamed, for the French girl carried the evening on her own pretty white shoulders, and the rest of the company simply killed time and, incidentally, several musical numbers, which suggested chestnuts sadly in need of a roasting. Mademoiselle Guilbert attracted most of the French people in town, and here and there faces full of keen enjoyment and appreciation, which perforce can not come to anyone unfamiliar with *la belle Paris*, marked the nationality, *sans aucun doute*, of the sons and daughters of Gaul. In the Manning box, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Cronyn, Miss Gussie Hodgins and the usual male contingent formed a smart party. In the stall were Miss Arthurs and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss James, Mr. and Mrs. Lowndsbrough, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Melvin-Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mrs. Barwick, Dr. Strange, Judge Morson, Miss Turner, Monsieur and Madame de la Sabliere, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bolte, Miss Baxter, Miss Edith Greene, Miss Perkins, Mr. Cawthra, Major Lessard and many others. The absence of the orchestra gave a barren look, which the stage setting largely emphasized. Mademoiselle Guilbert in her pink Paris frock was the only bright thing upon which one could gaze. I never heard the gods so noisy except on students' carnival, but the students were probably there to greet Mademoiselle de Paris.

"What a handsome lot of people!" was the remark of a stranger as he surveyed the Hope-Jarvis wedding guests. "And what stunning gowns," he added, as a group of ladies from Bloor street west sailed up the aisle, really looking quite magnificent.

"Same old set, same old grub, same old chatter," said a cynical fellow at a tea; and then, suddenly catching sight of a lovely girl, he added delightedly, "Ah, no—you are here!" Wasn't it pretty of him? But I fancy he must have been reading the Dolly Dialogues; it sounded so like Anthony Hope!

Mr. O'Brien holds court in the studio on Tuesdays now, as Saturday interfered with a class. Therefore busy people may have the double pleasure of a little artistic treat upstairs and a visit with Mrs. O'Brien, whose hospitalities are always charming.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's tea this afternoon will be a charming function according to the traditions of Bon Accord, and everyone who is honored will certainly try to put in an appearance thereat.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt was to have given a tea this afternoon in her *bijou* house in Huron street. The house and the mistress are very much suited to one another, each reflecting the daintiness and perfect taste of the other. Pretty Mrs. Merritt is not strong enough to entertain as largely as her kindly nature prompts, but when her doors are opened one is assured of a lovely affair.

In all the busy whirl, which carries some of our people around like thistledown, there is a quiet center, and there abide those more

thoughtful souls who refuse to be rushed off their feet in a chase after every tea, and dinner, and luncheon, and dance going on. Even the busy ones drift into this haven at times, for there are fortunately morning hours in which no woman can dissipate. On Wednesdays at eleven o'clock a large and intelligent party of young ladies have been getting a great deal of information and many helps to mental culture from Miss Lowe's lectures, given in St. George's school-house, and having for this course the wide and interesting subject of Victorian Literature. Miss Lowe is a splendid lecturer, brimful of information and apt in imparting it. The present class was gotten up by Mrs. Charles Ferguson, I understand, and should be known and taken advantage of by a great many more of our best people. I am sure Mrs. Ferguson would not dislike to add some more names to the numbers who, for a trifling fee, can improve a shining hour in a most marked manner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr entertained at dinner on Thursday.

Wednesday's fall of snow came most graciously, just when everyone was getting in despair of having any sleighing. It is indeed seldom that we see the middle of January without enough snow to slide a cutter upon. Truly our Canadian winter is disappearing.

Everywhere one meets the brides returning their wedding calls. They are so spick and span, so radiant and breezily important, these busy young matrons, that, as an older hostess said to me with a sigh and a smile, they make one feel quite a hundred years old.

"The Macdonalds are out," was the remark made at the opening of Mr. Roy Macdonald's dancing classes on Thursday of last week when I peeped in upon what is always a pretty sight, a juvenile dancing school. The dear youngsters from Dunedin were there, and their young mother, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald from Cona Lodge was also about, and in two minutes more I caught sight of Mrs. Willie Macdonald, who was full of interest in the new classes, so that in very truth the clan was well represented. Mr. Roy Macdonald is as limber as rubber and as light on his feet as a thistledown, and I foretell for him in Toronto the same success as has always been his in eastern cities. Several society ladies are learning charming fancy dances, and ere long we shall have, like older countries, our Canadian Carmencitas and Oteros in society. Perhaps even our good president of the Athletic Club, who, while watching the prancings of sundry energetic high-stepper-two-steppers at the ball the other night, plaintively asked, "Why not dance?—this is not dancing! Why not dance the minuet?" may yet see the graceful minuet, the stately Pavane, the in fact, all the other dances in which one must *dance*, in full glory on the boards of his beloved Athletic gymnasium.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Blackburn of New York are the guests of Mrs. A. Coulter of 419 Wellesley street.

Miss Alice Armstrong of Ashland Villa, Alliston, is the welcome guest of the Misses Turner of Rosedale.

Mrs. Alan Macdougall and her daughter Muriel sailed by the Majestic from New York last Wednesday to join Mr. Alan Macdougall in Edinburgh and visit their numerous Scotch relatives.

Mr. Ernest E. Leigh, organist and choir-master of the Parkdale Presbyterian church, with the assistance of his pupils, gave a concert at the Asylum for the Insane on Tuesday evening. Dr. Clark expressed great satisfaction at the merits of the entertainment.

Dr. A. M. Ross is gradually recovering from the long and serious illness which has afflicted him and confined him to his house. His son, Dr. Norman Ross of Chicago, who has been in attendance upon his father, has returned home.

The Garrison Football Club will hold their fourth annual At Home at Stanley Barracks on Thursday evening, January 28. These At Homes at the Barracks have become very popular lately, and judging by the way the members of the committee are working, this promises to eclipse all former efforts. Carriages may be ordered for three a.m.

Madame Albani and her associates are meeting with the most triumphant receptions in their North-Western tour. It is the Canadian diva's first visit to the West, and in Winnipeg, where she is spending all this week, she and her company have been lionized by all sections of the community. Madame Albani, her husband, Mr. Ernest Gye, and Miss Beverly Robinson, are staying at Government House with Hon. J. C. and Mrs. Patterson, and dinners, dances and *fetes* in their honor have been numerous. The concert was given on Friday evening, and though special seating capacity was added to the immense Drill Hall, all these seats were sold before Wednesday.

Miss Lees Padden of 180 Strachan avenue, who has been spending some time in New York and Boston, has returned home.

A very interesting recital was given on Thursday evening at the College of Music by the pupils of Herr Rudolf Ruth, who do much credit to that artist.

Mr. A. C. Gray, teller in the Bank of Hamilton, left this week to take a position in the Simcoe branch.

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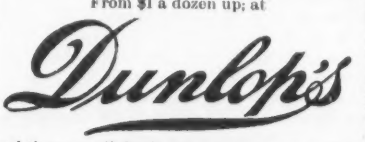
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Social and Personal.

"There is no place like Osgoode," one hears remarked at every recurrence of the annual *soiree dansante*, which for the nonce transforms the abode of justice into giddy dance and cosy banquet halls. Crowds have not been lately the rule at Osgoode, as we remember them a few seasons ago, but increased enjoyment is the result, and on Friday evening nothing lacked of pleasure to the guests of the men of law. The stewards worked, as methinks they never worked before, that no man or woman might lack the smallest attention. This is not the usual taffy administered as a matter of course to such officers, but specially called for by unusually good work. Bayley's Q. O. R. Band played for the dancers in that paradise of *tele-a-telers*, the library, where, hedged in by musty, fusty volumes, one could whisper and hear whispers never included in any brief on record, and plead as never pleader plead in any court save one. So much for the library, off which opens that lovely nook, the new library, where I am fated each year to discover the belle of the ball. Last year she was a Rebecca, raven-haired and dark-eyed; this year a Rowena, for whom many an Ivanhoe will sigh in vain. In Convocation Hall were the lady patronesses, in all the glory of brocade and lace and jewels; you know them of old, the pride of the modish ball, and there the stately opening quadrille was set in motion close on ten o'clock, the following being the eight taking part therein: Mrs. A. S. Hardy and Mr. C. A. Moss, Mrs. Shepley and Mr. McGregor Young, Mrs. Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Street, Mrs. Moss and President Claude Macdonell. Mrs. Hardy's brocade gown was of rose pink; Mrs. Shepley's of canary color; Mrs. Falconbridge wore black and pink brocade, and Mrs. Moss, black satin, brightened with rich lace and beautiful jewels. The absence of any very *outrée* or strikingly modish gowns was noticeable among the younger set. Plain white was worn by a number of young dancers. Mrs. Bob McCulloch wore one of her lovely *trousseau* gowns, a dainty pale blue brocade, and vastly becoming. She chaperoned Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, who wore black, Miss Cayley in pink, and Miss Homer Dixon in a very pretty black gown, with corsage posy of white hyacinths. Miss Reford and Miss Creaser of Montreal were also of this party. Mrs. Mulock wore gray brocade, with silver lace; her graceful daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Jr., wore a very handsome salmon pink brocade satin, with corsage of cut white beads *appliques*; Mrs. E. Strachan Cox wore mauve satin and point lace; Mrs. Stratford, a black and white confection; Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere wore turquoise blue, and, with her handsome husband, was much noticed; Miss Fannie Small and Miss Marion Wilkie wore black frocks; Miss Aloysia Thompson was in white; Miss Catto wore a lovely little French blue silk with tiny brocade flowers; Mrs. Charlie Murray, who chaperoned her pretty niece, wore silver-gray satin with petunia *chiffon*; Miss Evelyn Cox wore white satin; Miss Gzowski was lovely in pale green satin; Miss Dawson wore mauve; Miss Amy Laing, quite the prettiest of the black frocks at this dance; Mrs. Ferguson, who came with Mrs. Hardy, wore white satin brocade; Mrs. Heaven of Atherly wore black with rare lace and diamonds; Mrs. James Crowther was gowned in striped French brocade with rose velvet; Mrs. Magann of Parkdale, always a picture with her soft dark eyes and hair and piquant face, wore white satin with ruby trimmings; Mrs. Gibson wore a pretty little black gown with straps of roses over the shoulders by way of sleeves; Miss Edith Dixon wore cream silk; a brilliant red frock kept up the tradition of Osgoode, one red frock being as inevitable as fate at this dance; a very handsome dress was Miss Beemer's, of moonlight brocade satin with many pale pink ribbons; Miss Ferguson of Eastlawn was in black; Miss Williams, who is visiting Miss Mollie Plummer, was in white silk and *chiffon* with pearl passementerie; Miss Gwynne of Dundas wore white, and Miss Laidlaw wore pink and white. The arrangements for supper were excellent and at no time was the *rotunda* uncomfortably crowded. A very choice and extensive *menu* was served by Webb. The law schools were not so popular as Convocation hall and the library, which were large enough to accommodate all the guests. I missed a good many whom one expects to see at Osgoode, but various causes kept them away. At all events, nothing lacked of enjoyment to those who were present, and the dance was voted a decided success.

Mrs. Grantham's tea was largely attended on Wednesday afternoon, and was a very pretty and enjoyable one. Miss Shanklin, Mrs. Thompson (*nee* Grantham) Miss McKinnon, a most dainty little lady in a smart pink frock, and several other ladies were in the tea-room, where a very pretty *buffet* in pink, with profusion of Dunlop's most exquisite roses, was temptingly and abundantly laden. Mrs. Grantham's brocade gown was sparkling with cut jet, and her snowy *coiffure* was, as usual, the fitting crown for her bright and clever face, ever kind and winning. Among the ladies at this tea were: Lady Howland, Mrs. Hoskin of Deer Park, the Misses Hoskin, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Covert Moffatt, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Miss Jane Muttelbury, Mrs. and the Misses Parsons, Miss Beatty, Miss McKellar, Mrs. and Miss Mara, Miss Sniveley, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Dr. Annie Backus, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney and Mrs. J. W. F. Ross.

A smart wedding, which occupied the hours and thoughts of Quebec society people on Tuesday week, was that of Miss Mabel May Rolt White and Major George West Jones of Caverhill Hall, St. John, N. B. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Ottawa, assisted by the Bishop of Quebec, Rev. L. W. Williams and Rev. G. Scott. Lieut. Colonel G. R. White, father of the bride, led her to the altar and gave her away. Miss White's gown was of white satin court train and *chiffon* bodice trimmed with point lace and flowers. The orange blossom wreath was a gift from Lady Chapleau, and the bouquet was of white

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roses and lily-of-the-valley. The bridesmaids, Misses Beatrice White, Jones, Edith and Eileen White, wore white silk, with *chiffon* *fichus* caught with crimson carnations, white *tulle* veils and carnation wreaths, with shower bouquets of carnations, the whole vastly smart and following the military tone of the wedding. An aisle was formed through flowers, ferns and palms, and lined with a detachment of the 8th Royals, under Capt. Lamb. The groom wore the full dress uniform of the 3rd Regiment of Canadian Artillery, and the best man, Mr. Fred Caverhill Jones, with the two bride's ushers, Capt. Macdonell and Mr. G. S. Troop, formed the group awaiting the bride at the altar. The ushers were: Mr. W. B. Scott, Capt. Wood, Mr. Reg. Patton, Mr. Simeon Jones and Mr. J. J. Sharpless. Among the guests were Hon. Wilfrid and Mrs. Laurier, and several Toronto people who were able to take such a long journey at this busy season, or who happened to be in the ancient burg on the 5th. The presents were exquisite and their enumeration filled columns of the local press. After the reception, Maier and Mrs. Jones left for a trip west on the C. P. R.

Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore, whose receptions are always elegantly arranged and numerously attended, were at home to an immense lot of people last Saturday. Some of Toronto's most natty equipages lined Sherbourne street and Wellesley crescent between five and seven o'clock, for it was quite the limit of time before the last guest had said good-night. The hostesses, with Mrs. Robert Williams of Oshawa and Miss Tryon of Buffalo, received in the east drawing-room, that handsome apartment which opens into one of the prettiest conservatories in Toronto, which is always a bright glow of bloom the winter through, enjoyed by the many people who pass the terraced corner of two fashionable residential thoroughfares no less than by the flower-lovers who dwell within. Mrs. Williams wore a rich silk gown with front of white veiled in jetted black lace; Mrs. Moore wore

yellow satin brocade; Mrs. Robert Williams, puce and myrtle brocade, and Miss Tryon, black and white silk, with bodice of velvet. Beautiful young Mrs. Williams (*nee* Coleman) was here, there and everywhere helping her hostess's relatives, and a bevy of very busy maidens were in the dining-room, where a handsome *buffet*, done in white and green, was very daintily served by Albert Williams. Many rich gowns were worn at this tea by a set notable for handsome costumes, and the beautiful house, the sweet music of the orchestra and the genial atmosphere of cordial hospitality combined to secure to all the pleasure of a thoroughly successful reunion.

Thirteen times did Miss Edith J. Miller uplift her lovely contralto voice and delight us all on Saturday evening. A rich, rare and varied treat was her programme and her singing most satisfying. Musicians, society folk, literary people, critics, and many a soul alive to sweet sounds were gathered in St. George's Hall when the young songstress made her appearance. She was handsomely gowned in white brocade silk, with one long string of pearls looped around her perfectly formed neck and drooping low on her white gown, and a corsage bouquet of vivid rose-colored blooms at her left shoulder. Miss Miller sings correctly, intelligently and tunefully. "She thinks as she sings!" remarked an artist, with an approving nod. "She uses her brains instead of just chattering." Oratorio, opera, ballad and lullaby, from Leo Stern's heart-ery, Oh! for a Day of Spring, which Miss Miller gave with a yearning pathos impossible to mistake, to the Somervell Cradle Song, we had a rich variety calculated to try the singer's powers crucially. The verdict was "Better and better," as one by one the numbers were rendered, and after the concert an impulsive lot of lady patronesses and artists held the stage until the songstress came out to receive their thanks and congratulations. Among the audience I noticed: Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Quinlan, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Scarth, Mr. W. Cooke and Miss Cooke, Mrs. Magurn, Mrs. Humphrey Anger, Miss Cattinach, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Blake Watkins, Mr. Delasco and Herr Ruth.

Benvenuto and Rathnelly will both be *musons fermes* during February on the usual calling days of their respective hostesses, as Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Kerr will not receive during that month. Miss Louie Jones is to spend February with Mrs. Hudson in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne and their little daughter left on Saturday for the South. It is to be hoped that they will find lovely weather, and not share the annoyance of Mr. and Mrs. Warden, who found snow falling on their arrival in Carolina. The latter pilgrims in search of summer moved further south, and are having a most enjoyable sojourn.

Mr. Harry Bruce, a rising young journalist, son of Major Bruce, has gone to New York to follow his chosen profession. He left last week for Gotham.

During Mr. Edward Harris's stay in Toronto I hear he had a curious experience, which is perhaps a new possibility, viz., the reception of a slight shock of electricity from the car rails immediately in the vicinity of a passing trolley. Mr. Harris was laid up for a short time with a lame leg as the result.

Captain Forsythe Grant, who has had such a serious attack of pneumonia, is now convalescing. The trained nurse was able to leave him in the care of his family last Saturday, so that, with due precaution, his speedy restoration is assured.

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BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

An Adventure in
Far North
Scotland.

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"They'll murder you!"
"What? Bah! I'm not afraid."
"Take my word for it, dear boy. If they can't muster a 'phistol' or a 'blunderbuss,' they'll take you unawares some day, and knock your brains out with a stone."
"Get out, croaker!"

"No; you'll be the croaker, old fellow. I watched them narrowly to-day and saw their furtive looks. They've got enough of the Gael in them to look upon you as a tyrannical landlord, and upon themselves as the rightful owners of the soil—I mean the rock and bog. Consequently, they'll consider it a duty to make an end of you as a vile usurper."

"Usurper be hanged!" said John Lindon, a well known young London physician. "I bought the estate, and have the deeds. Don't do all you can to set a fellow against the place. Catch me asking you down again to fish!"

"That's right; don't. The comforts are not great; the fishing is poor; and I shan't feel safe till I'm back in the Temple."

"Proper place to take sanctuary," said the doctor. "There, cheer up; the weather may be better to-morrow. Have a doh and what's-its-name—a drop more whisky before you go."
"A-weel, choost a wee drappie," said the other. "The only thing I've found good down here."

"Then don't spoil it by trying to talk Scotch."

Then good-night, and the doctor's friend and companion threw a plaid over his shoulders and passed out into the rain and darkness, to seek his bed at a rough cottage a hundred yards away, there being no accommodation for him for sleeping, though he came there for his meals.

"I wish he wouldn't talk like that," muttered the doctor. "It's only the weather. Come a fine day and the place will look glorious. Loch, sea, mountain, moor, waterfall, pool, salmon, trout, hare and grouse. Why, there's everything a weary man could wish for. As for the rents of the miserable cottages, let them go. I didn't buy the place for that."

He yawned, snuffed the tallow candle, looked at his clean, rough bed at one side of the low-ceiled room, walked to the door, opened it and listened, and closed it again.

"All asleep," he muttered, and he now crossed to the lattice window, opened it, and looked out there, listening to the splashing of the rain which came down heavily, streaming off the mossy, rough slabs of the roof and gurgling along the road in a regular torrent.

"Is it going to rain for forty days and nights?" he grumbled. "Who's to shoot or fish? Never mind; one has an ark of refuge, and there are worse things than oat cakes, broiled ham and trout."

Five minutes later he was in bed, listening to the falling rain, which suddenly seemed to cease, for the young doctor, the new owner of Glenspate, was fast asleep.

"Eh? Yes? What's the matter?"
He had started up in bed, waking up on the instant, medical fashion, a habit that becomes second nature to men who go to rest expecting to be called up.

All was still but the streaming and gurgling of the water from the eaves.

"Fancy," he muttered, and he was about to lie down again, when there was an unmistakable tapping at the window panes.

"Must be Tom," he muttered, as he sprang out of bed and threw open the window, to dimly make out a figure close to him, his chamber being on the ground floor for the simple reason that there were no upper rooms.

"That you, Tom?"

"Whist! She'll chust come," said the visitor.

"Come? Come where?"

"To Glenspate."

"Eh! To-night? What for?"

"Ta wumman's deening."

"What woman?"

"At ta bothe by ta wee bit burnie."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's deening. Ou, ay, she's deening."

"But what is it? Some fever?"

"Nay. There was a bit bairn four days ago, and she's chust deening."

"Wait," said the doctor, closing the window, and beginning to dress hurriedly.

"One of my tenants, I suppose. On a night like this! Women are so unreasonable. Well, I suppose I must go."

John Lindon literally snatched himself into his rough tweeds, laced up his heavy shooting-boots, and then slipping on a mackintosh re-opened the window.

He hesitated for a moment as to departing by the window, but, not wishing to disturb his landlord, he stepped out, closed the lattice as well as he could, and then followed the man, who started off at once through the steadily falling rain, depending upon him entirely for guidance, the darkness seeming to have increased.

But the messenger never showed the least uncertainty, but went brushing through the saturated heath and heather, in and out among stones, and over and over again through roaring burns, knee-deep, but pausing here to offer his companion a hand.

Eight long miles, that seemed in the darkness to be twelve, before, low down in the narrow glen, a faint light was visible, just as Lindon was growing utterly exhausted, and he uttered a sigh of thankfulness.

"That the place?" he said.

"Ou, ay."

These were almost the only words drawn from the man, who had preserved a sullen silence all the way; and upon the strength of this opening of a conversation the doctor continued:

"Is the woman a relative of yours?"

"Chust my wumman," was the reply.

That accounted for a deal, and the doctor said gravely:

"Poor thing! Well, I hope she is better now."

"She's just deening!" said the man angrily.

There was a low whistle at this moment, the dull light was suddenly increased, for the door of the cottage was opened and the glow of a fire shone out, displaying a group of men standing in the doorway, ready to draw back and allow the doctor to enter with his guide, when the door was at once closed.

"What a night!" he said, as he looked around at the faces lit up, all being familiar as those of men living at the rough cottages in the glen he had purchased some months before. The faces were grim, weather-beaten and scowling, as it seemed to him, and no one spoke as he slipped off his dripping mackintosh; but, attributing it to anxiety about the woman, he asked of the nearest man how the sick woman was.

"Chust deening," he said sourly.

"Where is she? Through that door?"

The messenger tossed down his saturated plaid and nodded.

"Well, you had better send these people away," said the doctor, and he stepped to the door, raised the wooden latch, and then drew back, for the place was in darkness.

As he turned and saw the group of men standing watching him in silence, he suddenly recalled his friend's words, and an uneasy sensation attacked him. Had he been trapped, and was the barrister right? If they meant ill by him in their crass ignorance and prejudice, what an opportunity—lured there as he had been in the middle of the night, without a soul being aware of his coming.

But the next moment he had cast out the thought as unworthy of him, and picking out the scowling husband:

"There is no light," he said, in a decisive manner.

The man glanced around at his fellows, and slowly took a rough candle-stick from the shelf, lit it with some difficulty and a great deal of flaring waste, and then handed it to the doctor.

"But are there no women here?" he said sharply.

The man shook his head, and struck by the strangeness of this dumb announcement, the thought of being trapped once more entered the doctor's mind, but, ashamed to show what was at best only a suspicion, he turned sharply back, pushed open the door and entered a small, stone-paved room, holding the smoky candle above his head.

"What nonsense!" he thought the next moment, for there, upon a narrow box-bed of the roughest type, lay a woman, whose eyes gleamed as the light played upon them; and in the one quick glance he gave, John Lindon knew that there was no trick here. The mother before him was lying with "life at the lees," and the first moment he felt that she was beyond his power to save. Exhaustion had made her an easy prey to fever, and as their eyes met he could read in the mute appeal that, fever-stricken as she was, there was still a gleam of consciousness left; and as he went down on one knee by the bedside, the lips parted in a faint whisper:

"Am I gaein' to dee?"

"Not if I can help it," he said softly, and proceeded with his ministrations.

Half an hour later the door was softly opened and the messenger's head appeared, the man glancing sharply at the bed and then stealing back and closing the door.

John Lindon crossed to the door in time to hear the words, "Not deid," in a low tone, followed by a murmur as of several voices speaking together half angrily.

He felt puzzled, for the tone of the men's voices suggested disappointment. But a low sigh from the bed drew him back, and for the next two hours his whole energy was taken up by his intense struggle with the grim spectre which seemed to be battling with him for the one poor life.

Meanwhile again and again a head was thrust in the room, and every time different from the last, as if the waiting men were anxious to verify the report made by the last comer that the patient was not "deid" yet.

The voices in the outer room grew so loud at last in dispute that, feeling how necessary quiet was for his patient, Lindon crossed the room to go and speak to the men, and then ordered the husband to send them away and fetch some woman neighbor to the house; but as he reached the door, which the last visitor had not completely closed, he stood fast, startled by the menacing aspect of the men, seen as they were by the light of a bog pine knot which suddenly blazed up. They were talking volubly in Gaelic, one man in particular, a wild-looking, rough, heavy fellow, gesticulating threateningly, while several of the others appeared to be in agreement with him as he spoke in fierce denunciation to the husband of the woman, and pointed to the inner room.

Then, all at once, five men made for the door, but the husband sprang before them, and shouted fiercely in the wild tongue, the words being incomprehensible to Lindon's ear, but readily grasped all the same, for the gesture was sufficient interpretation, without his muttering afterwards in his broken English:

"Not till she's deid—not till she's deid."

A cold chill of horror ran through the doctor, for it was all plain enough. He had been trapped there, though the lure was true. The men must have felt that no ordinary message would bring him there in the dead of night, ready to their hand, so they had snatched at the fact of one of their women being sick to bring him into their midst, in the mad belief that by getting rid of their new landlord they would own the land on which they and their fathers had lived.

It was all plain enough, and, chilled with horror, the doctor stood by the narrow crack of the door, so close to the man who defended it that he could have touched his shoulder, but

literally paralyzed for the time being.

It was almost cataleptic, that seizure, for a few moments, but it passed away as suddenly as it had come, and, nerved by despair, he looked around for a weapon, but looked in vain. His next thought was flight, but besides the door the only means of exit was by the window close to the rough ceiling, and that was in one little pane, the opening being too small to admit of the passage of a man.

The only chance seemed to be to wait till the men had settled down, and then to walk quietly into their midst as if to ask for something, seize his opportunity, dash through the door and run for his life.

"To be hunted down and murdered!" he said to himself, as he thought of the little chance he would have in a place strange, comparatively, to him, and of which every inch was known to the men who would pursue and overtake him before he had gone a hundred yards.

For a moment or two he asked himself whether he was not raising a bogey with his over-excited imagination, but with sinking heart, he felt that it was all quite true; and any doubts were set aside by the action of the savage-looking crew, who were drinking heavily of potent spirit, probably of their own making.

"To keep up their courage," he thought, as he looked around once again in his despair, cursing the hour in which he had ever dreamed of coming to so savage a place, though knowing that he would have been ready to laugh to scorn anyone who had told him such an event was possible.

He was at the men's mercy; no one could give any clue to his disappearance, and his murderers would escape, for they would find it easy to dispose of his body—probably pitch him off the rocks at the mouth of the glen, where he would be carried out to sea.

He set his teeth, his hands involuntarily clenched, and a grim look of determination came into his face, which boded ill for some one of the wretched crew when the struggle began.

Then, like a flash, he saw the weapon which might save his life—there, by the light of the smoky candle, which was burning low and gave movement as it flickered to the stony features of his patient.

"Not till she's deid!" he muttered, repeating the husband's words.

What did that mean? Had they some superstitions feeling against killing him while the breath still lingered in the woman's breast? Perhaps so. At any rate, his life seemed to hang on hers, and he asked himself what more he could do to prolong it, knowing full well, in a dull, apathetic way, that he had done everything that medical and surgical skill could devise.

He drew a stool to the bedside and seated himself, holding his patient's wrist to feel the faint flutterings of the pulse; and he was seated thus, feeling that the life was departing as the candle burned lower and lower, till after flickering up once, the wick fell over sideways, to be smothered in the melted fat, leaving him in darkness.

Only for a moment, though, for the door was thrown open, and the ruddy glow from the outer room flooded the bed with light.

"Wass she deid?" said the husband.

"No. Bring another light," said the doctor sternly; and the man stepped back to where his companions sat muttering in Gaelic, and returned in a minute with a fresh candle, the men pressing after him to stand gazing in.

"She was deid!" growled the husband, holding up the light; and a low growl arose from the men behind him.

The speaker's face was so near that his hot, whisky-inflamed breath puffed into the doctor's face; but he sat firm, as he said sternly:

"Go back; she is not dead. Why do you not bring some women—some neighbor here?"

The man gave vent to a fierce laugh, and held the candle over the woman's face.

"Ta wumman's deid," he said hoarsely, and his companions pressed forward, but stopped as if moved by one impulse as a low, piteous, weary sigh escaped from the sick woman's lips.

"You hear?" said the doctor firmly, "she is not dead, for I have saved her life. Now go back, sir, and send away those drunken scoundrels. Do you want to murder the poor woman whom I am trying to save?"

The man started, stared at the doctor, held the light close to his face, and then down over that of his wife, before uttering a peculiar gasping utterance and shaking his head as if to clear his brain from the fumes of the whisky.

"She was not tell lees?" he whispered huskily. "She sal not dee?"

"I tell you no," replied the doctor sternly. "I shall save her life."

"Hah!" ejaculated the man, and setting down the candle he bent over the bed and kissed the inanimate face, before rising up again and turning to the doctor.

"She was a guid wumman," he whispered huskily, "and she sal dee for ye, doctor. Ou, ay!"

The man stepped fiercely back, literally driving the others before him, and returned directly with a bottle and a cup, into which he poured some of the potent spirit.

"She'll drink," he whispered, and after a moment's hesitation the doctor raised the cup to his lips and took a good burning mouthful.

"Dutch courage, perhaps," he said the next day to his friend, "but that put life into me, and I felt comparatively safe, but I had one defender, I could see. He went back, closing the door after him, and there was a fierce discussion in the outer room for the next half-hour, carried on in angry whispers. Then there was a silence, and I crept to the door to peer through the crack, and saw the husband seated on a three-legged stool in front of the fire, with his head down upon his hands—alone."

"He came in soon after, to go on tip-toe to the bedside, turning to me after to whisper: 'Ta wumman is no going to dee. Shall she like to sleep a wee bit?'"

"I shook my head, and the rough fellow laid his hand upon my shoulder to whisper: 'She's a guid wumman. She thoct she'd dee.'"

"And will she live?" asked the doctor's friend.

"I was in doubt when I said she would," was the reply, "and I was thinking more of my own life than of hers. By to-morrow morning I shall be quite sure."

Advertised Most BY ITS LOVING FRIENDS "Salada" CEYLON TEA

"What! Surely you are not going among these savages again?"

"I am, and at once. I want to save that poor thing if it is to be done."

"But if she dies?"

"Well, she will die."

"But you?"

"Oh, the poor things will not hurt me now. Do you know, old fellow, I believe I have made friends with all my tenants in the glen."

"But they had trapped you there to kill you."

"Yes, but I shall be safe among them now."

The woman did not die. That was fifty years ago, and Lindon's son is worshipped in the glen, and spoken of by the half-savage tenantry as "Ta Laird."

THE END.

Fine Run By The Empire.

The 158 Miles from Syracuse to Albany Covered in 120 Minutes.

The New York Central's Empire State Express made another most pretty run yesterday—not a record-breaker but a little exposition of the record-breaking qualities, the union of speed and safety, that constitutes the pre-eminence of America's greatest railroad and her model train.

At 4.25 yesterday afternoon the Empire pulled out of Syracuse. She was 28 minutes behind time. She was in charge of Engineer John Veeder of Albany and Conductor Osborn of Buffalo. No. 926 caught her breath in good shape and snorted along in a style that yanked train 50 through Little Falls over the 74 miles from Syracuse here, at 5.45, having made up 9 minutes' lost time. Eighty minutes was the rate including a three-minute stop at Utica. The 74 miles between this City and Albany were covered in seventy minutes. This is the swiftest run made by Engineer Veeder since his recent promotion and is evidence of his ample ability to drive the metallic steed. He shut off in Albany at 6.55 with a record of 148 miles in 150 minutes to his credit and being only three minutes behind time.

So long as we human atoms can get ourselves whirled over the land thus speedily and smoothly we will be content to fly close to the ground for a while.—Little Falls Evening Times, Dec. 1st.

Sunlight Soap's Latest Scheme.

Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., proprietors of Sunlight Soap, do nothing by halves. They have built up the largest soap business in the world, first by turning out a very superior article, and second by plucky and attractive advertising. Their latest stroke in Canada is a bold one. It is a Monthly Wrapper Competition, the tempting features of which are the presentation of \$1,025,000 worth of bicycles and gold watches every month of the year 1897, to those who collect and send in to Lever Bros., Toronto office, the largest number of Sunlight "coupons." The total value of the prizes to be awarded during the year 1897 is \$10,500.

This competition will commence in January, when ten Sterns Bicycles and twenty-five Gold Watches will be awarded to the successful competitors of that month residing in the districts of East and West Ontario, the Province of Quebec, N. B., N. S., and P. E. I.

A great advantage in this Competition is that it is held monthly, and, therefore, those who do not succeed for one month have many more opportunities during the year. Rules and full particulars are given in our advertising columns.

The Real Reason.

The Walkerton station is about a mile away from the town, says the Kincardine Review. Driving up in the bus the other day several passengers remarked that fact.

"Well," said one, "do you know why they

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Port Wine . . . THEY SELL IT

Sold by All Dealers of Note

placed the station so far away from the town? All were ignorant of the cause, but were quite curious to find it out.

"So it would be near the railway track," was the answer they got.

Clara-Marie is so disappointed that it is not to be a masquerade. Alice—No wonder! It will hardly be worth while for her to go at all—Puck.

Rossland Special

"REINDEER BRAND"

Condensed Milk
Condensed Coffee
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"Par excellence" for Miners.

Useful anywhere.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites brings back the ruddy glow of life to pale cheeks, the lips become red, the ears lose their transparency, the step is quick and elastic, work is no longer a burden, exercise is not followed by exhaustion; and it does this because it furnishes the body with a needed food and changes diseased action to healthy. With a better circulation and improved nutrition, the rest follow.

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We offer stocks for sale in "Josie," "Monte Cristo," "St. Elmo," "Ironides," and "California." Will forward Prospectus of latter on application.

For further particulars apply to

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We have for sale stock in all the working mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Cristo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address,

SAWYER, MURPHY & CO.,
Canada Life Building, Toronto.

QUEER CORNER

Our readers everywhere are invited to send us items for Queer Corner—facts of any unusual kind. This department is unique in the Canadian press, and the activity it has caused in the discovery of relics shows that it is doing a good work. Those who have old books or curiosities to sell, or of which they wish to ascertain the value, are welcome to freely use this column, and may thereby reach those throughout the Dominion who are interested in the rare and the curious. As old coins and postage stamps would form too big a contract for so small a corner we must exclude those interesting pursuits, but invite all interested in old books, manuscripts, pictures, furniture, medals, dishes, cutlery, etc., to open correspondence with Queer Corner.

A RARE AND VALUABLE BIBLE.

In response to our invitation Mr. E. O. White, 351 Dupont street, Toronto, writes as follows: "In my possession is an old Bible, date 1566. The last edition of the Great Bible. The title page reads:

The Bible, in English, of the largest and greatest volume, that is to say, the contents of all the Holy scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament. According to the translation appointed by the Queen's Majesty Injunctions, to be read in all churches within Her Majesty's Realm.

At Rouen, at the costs and charges of Richard Carmichael. Cum privilegio.

The initial letters are wood cuts, and the volume is bound in carved oak covers and heavy iron clamps."

ANOTHER OLD BOOK.

T. C. writes as follows: "I have a book that is one hundred and fifty-two years old and as good as the day it was printed—thanks to the substantial leather binding. It is a copy of Whaley's poems—by John Whaley, M.A., fellow of King's College, Cambridge, published in 1745, and inscribed to the Honorable Horatia Walpole, Esq., usher of His Majesty's Exchequer. The book is largely made up of more or less clever translations from the Greek."

HOTELKEEPERS WHO NEVER TASTED LIQUOR. John Dynes, the hotelkeeper at the Beach, Hamilton, is said to have never tasted intoxicating liquor in his life, although in the hotel business for fifty years. William Curliiss of Bolton, Ont., has been keeping hotel for forty years and is said never to have tasted liquor in his own house. Mr. Hulse of Toronto is also said never to have tasted liquor in his thirty years of hotelkeeping. There is another man in Toronto, not now in the business, but who kept hotel for fifty years yet never in his life tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor. Cases of this kind are not so rare as one would suppose.

POSSIBLE CURE FOR CANCER.

One of the greatest triumphs of the medicine of the future will be the discovery of a cure for cancer. M. Denisenko, a doctor of Moscow, Russia, on the strength of investigations he has made, earnestly entreats the medical profession to experiment upon the sap of the wartwort, *Chelidonium majus*, as a possible remedy for the treatment of this frightful scourge. The sap of the plant is widely used in Russia, as it is in other countries, for making warts disappear. Dr. Denisenko has found that after prolonged use in very small doses a preparation of the sap, administered internally, causes cancer growths to disappear.

THE REBELLION OF '37.

Mrs. (Rev.) A. Murphy of Ingersoll possesses a copy of a proclamation issued by Lieut.-Col. Gowan of the Queen's Royal Borderers, calling for 400 volunteers to suppress the McKenzie Rebellion of 1837. It offers \$8 bounty, a new suit of clothes, great-coat, pair of boots, free rations, and a gift of — days' payment bandaging. Much interest attaches to this document, and it would be well to know if similar ones are anywhere in existence.

THE LOUDEST WHISTLE IN ONTARIO.

What whistle in Ontario can be heard at the greatest distance? This is an interesting question. The whistle constructed by Mr. F. K. Begbie for the Lindsay waterworks has been heard seven miles in the country with a contrary wind, but apparently it is not in it with the whistle of Gilmour's mill at Pictou, which can be heard, it is claimed, in Trenton, thirty miles away. If the claim made for the Pictou whistle can be established, it may be assumed that no other whistle "need apply." The claim made for the Lindsay whistle is within reason, and it may be called the "loudest" until credible evidence comes from Pictou. What church bell is heard at the greatest distance?

A RELIC OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

That a snuff-box of Sir Francis Drake's should bob up in a Canadian village is one of the unexpected things, but the editor of the *Flesherton Advance*, who is quite a collector of curiosities, reports that Mr. Luke Bradbury of Flesherton has such a snuff-box and could not be induced to sell it, as it has been in the family for a long time. The box is oblong—an inch in thickness and three inches long—and was carved out of horn. On the cover is Drake's name and coat-of-arms, finely carved in bas-relief. Mr. Bradbury not only possesses this three-hundred-year-old snuff-box, but also his grandfather's Waterloo medal, stamped "Francis Bradbury, Waterloo, June 18, 1815."

CHURCH STATISTICS.

According to Whitaker's Almanac the strength of the various Christian churches in the English-speaking world is as follows:

Epicopians	28,750,000
Methodists of all kinds	18,500,000
Roman Catholics	15,300,000
Presbyterians of all kinds	12,000,000
Baptists of all kinds	9,200,000
Congregationalists	6,100,000
Free thinkers, various kinds	5,000,000
Unitarians	5,000,000
Minor religious sects	5,000,000
Lutheran, German or Dutch	2,500,000
Of no particular religion	16,000,000

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN CANADA.

Mrs. Margaret Davis, two miles from Jordan station and seven miles from St. Catharines, will be 100 years of age if she lives until the 3rd of next March. This means that Mrs. Davis was twenty-seven years of age when Waterloo was fought, and forty-nine when the Queen ascended the throne to begin a reign that is the longest in British history. She is probably the oldest person in Canada whose age can be definitely proven.

LIGHTING A CIGAR WITH ICE.

The Albany Journal tells how a patent lawyer, who is naturally an ingenious man, supplied the place of a match in an unusual and unexpected manner. He was consulting with a brother lawyer, and in the course of the

talk the second man took a cigar from his pocket. Then he looked for a match, but none was forthcoming. "Never mind," said the first man. "A piece of ice will do equally well." Lawyer Number Two laughed, but Number One lifted the cover from the water-cooler, took out a piece of clear ice about an inch thick, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides convex, thus giving the form of a double convex lens or burning glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of the cigar, and set it on fire.

PASSED THE CENTURY MARK.

Mrs. Janet Darling, who died in the township of McKillop, near Dublin, Ont., last week, had reached the age of 101 years.

EARLY IN THE CENTURY.

In a most interesting column the *Belleville Sun* points out many forgotten facts about early life in Belleville and the province generally, and a marked copy has reached Queer Corner. We quote a few items:

Up to fifty years ago all hats worn in Belleville were made in the town—the beaver and wool "plug" hats being then the only ones in style. Hallowell (now Pictou) had two hatters and Stirling had one; in fact every village had its own hat maker. If a man wanted an extra fine hat made he went to Kingston for it. The first caps worn were Christie's, for which people had to send to Montreal. . . . The first steel plough made in the midland section of Upper Canada was made in Adolphustown by a foundryman named Casey. Adolphustown was then the county town of the midland district. . . . Yonge street, Toronto, was named after the wife of Sir John Campbell. Dr. Harris, principal of Upper Canada College, was also married to a Miss Yonge, sister of Lady Colborne. . . . Colborne village was named after Sir John Colborne. . . . The townships of Tiny, Tay and Floss, north of Toronto, were named after the pet dogs of a governor's wife. . . . Belleville was named after Lady Belle Gore, wife of Governor Gore. The Gore district, of which Hamilton was the county town, was named after Governor Gore.

A VERY OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Mr. James Henderson of St. Catharines has in his possession one of the oldest pieces of manuscript in this country. It is the memorandum of a transfer of land, written on vellum, and bears date Dundee, 25 July, 1442, about 455 years ago, long before the printing press was thought of. The document is well preserved in every way, the writing standing out clear and distinct. The face of the vellum is covered with Latin hieroglyphics, but the back is endorsed in plain English as follows: "Charter by Alex. DeOyston to Christian DeOgilvy, relict of Patrick DeBlair, son of the deceased Thomas DeBlair of Balhagoyck, of the ward of the lands of Balhagoyck and Achnahall, in the Barony of Cray of Glenisla, and sheriffdom of Forfar, Dundee, 25 July, 1442.

The Bells.

N. Y. Truth.

(Abridged and Amended.)

Hear the sledges with their bells,

Silver bells,

About which Mr. Poe so gaily talls,

I could curse their tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night,

For my heart they oversprinkle

With the chilliness of spite;

For Augustus Montmorency Clifford Havemeyer White

Has had the gall to take my girl to ride with him to-night.

Oh, Augustus, if I had you where the hair is rather short,

Montmorency, if I had you thus there'd be a legal tort;

Oh, Clifford, if I caught you in some dark and lonely place,

Then, Havemeyer, you'd be the last of all your lordly race;

I'd draw my trusty cutter, and I'd give my vengeance rein,

And they'd catalogue your carcass, White, among the unknown slain!

Should Have Gone Nap.

The ex-Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph Renals, once related a capital tit-bit at a dinner. He said that, while on a visit to his estate in the country, a publican was brought up in the local police court charged with permitting card-playing for money on licensed premises. The police witness swore that, looking through the window of one of the rooms of the tavern, he saw a company around a table playing "Nap."

Said the magistrate: "How do you know that they were playing 'Nap'?"

The policeman replied that they were playing with five cards each, and the man whose back was to the window called "four."

The magistrate, who was a lover of cards himself, became interested and asked excitedly: "What cards had he?"

"An ace and queen and two smaller trumps, and another ace."

"The case is dismissed. Fine the man 5s. for not going nap."

An Important Secret.

A pamphlet with colored covers, and bearing on the front a reproduction in half-tone of a painting by a German artist, entitled *An Important Secret*, has just been issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. The pamphlet contains calendars for 1897 and 1898, and a lot of information about the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Any reader who writes his or her address on a postal card and sends it to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., will receive one of these pamphlets.

"I understood he scored a hit as a critic," "I dare say. Nearly everything he scores turns out to be a hit."—*Detroit Journal*.

Jamaica

Is superior to all other winter resorts because of its equable climate and diversified scenery. The combination of its mountain and ocean views is indescribable. Unlike Bermuda and Florida, a visit to this island never becomes monotonous. As one journeys over it, each day unfolds new pictures—a constant change of scene. A number of tours, under the auspices of Pierce's Excursion Company, 107 Washington street, Boston, have been arranged to Jamaica and other winter resorts, including Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, etc. The next party under personal escort leaves New York on January 30. Independent parties each week. An illustrated book of tours and full particulars free on application to R. M. Melville, Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto.

Hard Work and Easy Work.

There was a time very lately when Mr. Donato Arnoldi found it hard to keep up with his work. Not that there was more to be done than usual, but he didn't feel like working at all. He was dull. He had no edge. If he could have afforded it he would have knocked off altogether. But there's where it is. Those of us who must work when we are sharp, must keep on working when we are dull. Necessity obliges. Expenses keep on, and so we must keep on.

Dear, dear, what a thing it would be if we were always right up to the mark—eating, sleeping, and working with a relish. We might not have money to burn even then, but we should have some to save. Well let's hear Mr. Arnoldi.

"At Easter, 1893," he says, "I began to feel as if a cloud had come over me. I was weak, low, and tired. My tongue was thickly coated, and my mouth kept filling with a thick, tough phlegm. I could eat fairly well, yet my food seemed to do me no good. After eating I had a feeling of heaviness at the chest and pain at the side."

"I lost a deal of sleep, and night after night I lay broad awake for hours. I kept up with my work, but I was so weak that I was scarcely fit for it. This state of things naturally worried me and I consulted a doctor. He gave me medicine that relieved me for a time, and then I went bad as ever."

"Seeing this, I saw another doctor who said my stomach, and perhaps other organs, were in a very bad way. I took his medicines, but they did not help me as I hoped they would. On the contrary, I felt worse and worse."

"At this time cold, clammy sweats began to break out over me, and as I walked my footsteps were uncertain. Sometimes my legs gave way under me, as if they were too weak to bear the weight of my body."

"Not to trouble you with details, it may be enough to say that I was in this miserable condition month after month. In fact, I came to think I never should be any better."

"Then I bethought me of a medicine I had heard highly spoken of—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I said to myself, I will try it. I am thankful I did. After taking only two bottles all the pain was gone, and shortly I was well and strong as ever. Since then I have had good health and worked without trouble. When I feel I need it, I take a dose of the Syrup, and it keeps me right."

"I am a surgical instrument maker, and think my illness was due to the quicksilver that I work amongst acting upon me when in a low state of health. At all events, I feel no ill effects now from the mercury I use in my business. (Signed) Donato Arnoldi, 30 Spencer street, Clerkenwell, London, May 1, 1894."

No doubt lead, arsenic, mercury, and other poisons do often produce injurious effects on those who habitually handle them; but the symptoms in Mr. Arnoldi's case go to show that his ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. This abominable disease generates plenty of poisons of its own, and has no need for help from outside death-dealers. He wasn't able to eat much, nor to digest what he did eat, and his nerves got so shaken, and all because they were not fed. That accounts for his weakness and for his uncertain footsteps."

Take the ashes out of your furnace, clear the draught, and light a fresh fire, and things are buzzing and humming directly. And that's what Mother Seigel's Syrup does for the human body, when it sets the digestive system in proper operation."

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A pleasant smoke, a read or a chat with friends aids digestion. You can enjoy all of these in pleasant surroundings at Muller's cigar emporium, 9 King street west. Telephone, lavatories and magazines at your service. Cigars from our celebrated 5 cent Victor to the very finest imported.

"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkase to her husband when he came home at night. "Are they?" "Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder, and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait awhile, they'd send and buy one."—*Bazar*.

A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

"My people," is the patriarchal way in which Mr. Messner addresses the depositors of his defunct bank. How can they be his people after he has sold them?—*Kinardine Review*.

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is cod liver oil perfected, and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system, hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

The "English" of Newfoundland.

The speech of the Newfoundlander is wonderfully made. Mr. Beckles Willson, the representative of the *London Mail*, who was in Toronto a couple of weeks ago and who has been "doing" British North America for his paper, in one of his articles describes the speech

One Thing

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makes this task easy. It is not only good but pure and delicious. Have you tried it? Lead package, at 25c., 40c., 50c and 60c.—from grocers everywhere.

of the Newfoundlander one of the most marvelous composites on earth. To the home Briton it is the most interesting. For the first five minutes you are sure you are talking to an Irishman; the next five minutes you are amused at your mistake. The man is a Scot. The next five minutes you ask him how long he has been from Devonshire. Sometimes he brings all three nationalities to bear on you in one sentence, as did a Placentia man with whom Mr. Willson climbed a hill.

"Aweel, sorr, ye're afther being athwart the rudge!"

"Athwart the rudge" is pure west country, as Mr. Blackmore can testify.

"Air! air!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—*Detroit News*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the fond father anxiously, "whatever can be the matter with the baby? It isn't crying!"

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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YVETTE GUILBERT'S appearance for one night at the Grand last Tuesday was sufficiently interesting to bring out society in great force. There were people to whom prudery, ignorance of Guilbert's repertoire or a distaste for foreign *chic* gave orders to stay away. As for the first, there was a circumspectness about the little French girl, transplanted from her bonnet shop to amuse and thrill two continents, which was a surprise to many a *mondain* hardened to shocks of *les convenances*. To appreciate Guilbert two things are needful, a sense of the tragic side of nature, and a knowledge of French, not alone the French of the *salons*, but that of the gutters, that snipped off, incisive, expressive argot used by the gamins of Victor Hugo. Guilbert was horrible and fascinating when she sang of the maddened lover who obeyed the command of his mistress (and such a mistress! one sounded the depths of female devilment in one deep plunge as Guilbert chanted a dozen scornful words, distorted her mobile face and revealed the brutality and the tyranny of that woman!) when he tore from the dying mother her warm heart and stumbled with it to his mistress, but she was more than horrible and fascinating when she told of the heart falling from the matricide's fingers as he tripped, rolling on the cruel, hard stones, bleeding but sighing its tender mother-enquiry, "Hast hurt thyself, my child?" Surely in all the essence of mother-love, nothing so vivid, so dreadful and so true was ever said or sung! As *la grandmere*, quaintly shrugging her old shoulders, querulously regretting the fading of her beauty, the shrinking of her round limbs, telling of two lovers at once, and making her inimitable grimace of disgust at her husband, well, she was the clever old *roue* to perfection, and one was between the devil and the deep sea of sympathy and reprobation as one is for those naughty old dames in continental society who are as *la grandmere*. *Les Ingenues!* Did ever anything outside of a high art poster look like Yvette Guilbert as she voiced her weary contempt of the good little misses? One fears to look at a schoolgirl while the memory of Guilbert's sarcastic mimicry of *les ingenues* lingers in one's mind. Bad little Yvette Guilbert!

I had expected more of tragedy in *La Soularde*, the lost, desperate, scorned, hopeless, reckless, drunken woman, who staggered, dived, crouched and raved. Did anyone who heard the cry of the street Arabs after her, as Guilbert gave it, find it haunting the night? I had, I say, expected tragedy of some more *forte* description, but Guilbert is too much *artiste* to be crude. She gave us not a drunken woman in Paris streets, but the soul of a drunken woman who did not hear the scorn nor the jeers, and whose bursts of defiance and fury were against herself, not her surroundings, and again one felt that Guilbert had gone to the heart of the thing.

The first selection was perhaps the most well-colored of the lot, but happily passed over the heads of many well-meaning citizens whose quiet faces were a study to people who understood. The love song, *le clair de lune*, meant much or little, as one accepted it. It has in its few throbbing, impassioned lines the whole drama, comedy, what you choose, of youth's best dream. Mademoiselle Guilbert is gentle and modest to talk with, the least stagey of women, with a sweet, melodious voice and a ladylike, reserved manner. And she is also pretty: the red-gold hair and the soft gray eyes are very attractive. Also the mouth, that looks all sizes, all expressions, and all shapes, is a nice little mouth, apt to say pretty things. Guilbert is as far removed from the *blase* self-assertive music hall singer as one could well imagine. She is never tired, she says buoyantly: she does not form opinions about the places she flits in and out of; she finds the cold weather a bore, and her life is practically at the Mercy of Tiberius, *i. e.*, her impresario for years to come. And there are a great deal worse little women than Yvette Guilbert, apart from her adorable cleverness, and therefore when I bid her good-bye I ventured to make it "*au revoir*," and she made her prettiest smile up at me and acquiesced thereto.

LADY GAY.

The Cotton King, a melodrama by Sutton Vane, is being presented at the Toronto Opera House this week. It was here last year and, as on that occasion, is again pleasing the patrons of the house. It has all the virtues of the melodrama of the period—elaborate scenery, ponderous machinery in actual operation, a villain in a silk hat, and a hero who, reduced to tatters, yet rises up triumphant in the end.

The company acts the piece for all it is worth; indeed, in some places the work is really of a superior order. Yet if there were no hard and fast rules insisting that villains in melodrama shall look and act just so, and heroes shall rant and stagger in just such a way, there would be in The Cotton King room for some really artistic work. It is useless to talk thus, for there is a tradition that the audience would rise up and play actors who should put on a melodrama in any way but the old one. I do not believe that the people who attend the Toronto Opera House would object to a few intelligent reforms, for the frequenters of that house are among the keenest critics of acting we have. One finds this out by noting the comments of the crowd as it emerges from any performance—the hero of a melodrama, or the song and dance man, or the high-wire artist, may have been applauded, but he may rest assured that his work was sized up critically as compared with the same class of work as done by others. There are always some to give applause—from sheer generosity or inherent love of noise—but the merits of a "turn" are weighed with exactitude. An actor who played leading juvenile in A Flag of Truce in this city about two years ago did it with rare skill and feeling. Meeting him later with another company and asking why he had left A Flag of Truce, he said that he had been "let go" because he declined to follow the traditions in regard to his *role*. The traditions of melodramatic acting have made it odious, and the fault lies with the stage directors who insist that the passions shall be "torn into tatters" and everything keyed up to the roar of machinery and the crash of hammers. After several years of observation I am sure that the public is ready for a reign of reason in melodrama. Those plays of a high class that have been put on at the Toronto Opera House this season—and there have been several—were heartily welcomed. The mixed materials of a melodrama make it palatable, and sane, repressed acting would uplift it into power and consequence.

Roland Reed and his excellent company, including Isadore Rush, will be the offering at the Grand beginning Monday next. Mr. Reed will present for the first time here his new comedy The Wrong Mr. Wright, which has scored an immense success. It is highly amusing and entertaining and Mr. Reed has been fitted with a strong character in Seymour Sites. It is that of a wealthy man who had been famous for his parsimony until he became interested in a pretty woman, when the lavishness of his generosity exceeded all bounds. This individual had been robbed of \$50,000 by a trusted clerk. In hopes of capturing the thief himself and thus saving the reward offered, the merchant assumes the name of Mr. Wright. It so happens that the absconding clerk also assumes the same name. Numerous complications result. A fascinating young woman is engaged by a detective agency to take care of the case. She meets the wrong Mr. Wright, and believing him the guilty man strives to make him fall in love with her, but she also learns to love him herself and is heart-broken until she learns that he is not the right Mr. Wright, when happiness comes to herself and everybody else who deserves it.

The Young Liberal Club is rehearsing for a minstrel show, which will be given in one of the theaters about March 1.

Le Nouveau Monde credits Sardou with saying that Sarah Bernhardt talks too fast on the stage. "At the general rehearsal she recited divinely, at the first performance stupendously, but after that she runs at break-neck speed. It is worse when she performs out of Paris. I heard her once at Nice. She and all the others recited as if rattling off a lesson as quick as possible."

It is to be hoped that the boxing at the Princess Theater to-night will be managed as firmly as were the "goes" held under the auspices of the Toronto Rowing Club a few weeks ago, when Gilmore and Hanley met. I am told that Williams, of the Varsity Athletic Association, in consenting to act as referee, declared that he would permit nothing but clean, stand-up-and-get-away sparring. A decision is to be awarded in each bout, and so the referee will require to "boss the job" with some vigor. A failure in this regard would put a wet blanket on all those rosy hopes which cheer many sporting men. Vannuch and Lane will box four rounds; Tom McCann and Stenyer go six rounds for a purse, while the event of the evening is the twenty-round contest between Shadow Maher of Australia and Frank Bosworth, the new T. A. C. trainer. This will undoubtedly be worth seeing, although Bosworth, skilful as he is, cannot be very well expected to stay long in the game with his opponent. He will be overshadowed as it were.

Next week's attraction at the Toronto Opera House will be the big English melodrama success, When London Sleeps. Mr. J. H. Wallick, who has the honor of presenting this latest success, witnessed its original production at the Drury Lane Theater, London, Eng., and immediately recognizing its merit purchased the play from its author, Mr. Charles Darrell. The initial presentation in America of When London Sleeps was made at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, in September, and great praise was bestowed on the drama, the company, and the magnificent scenic and mechanical effects. When London Sleeps is described as an original melodrama in four acts and eleven scenes. Its new and elegant scenery was designed and painted by Ernest Albert of the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, the mechanical effects by Claude Hogan, and the imposing Hindoo Idol, with its marvelous effects, by John Williams, Garrick Theater, New York. The picturesque costumes were designed and supplied by John Hogan & Co., Houndsditch, London.

Miss Marguerite Dunn, principal of elocution at the Metropolitan School of Music, will begin her spring term on January 29. Pupils desirous of entering may now register their names with Mr. E. L. Roberts, secretary. The work in this department within the past year has been a gratifying success.

LOGE.

SPORTING COMMENT



Broughall, Trinity's Goal.

IN the days when we used to play shinny on a mill-pond by moonlight with an old oyster-can for a puck, we didn't stop the game merely because somebody's skate came off. The unfortunate who lost his skate used to squat on the spot and get it on again while the tide of battle swept back and forth over him. If a man went through the ice, and if the others knew just who he was, and if he were a popular fellow, then, possibly, the game would pause long enough to allow the others to fish him out. Once he was pulled to safe ice, the old tin can would be given a thump and away all hands would go, the half-drowned youth sending up steam and shedding icicles as he dashed here and there. It seems inevitable that there must one day come a hockey rule requiring that substitute players shall be in readiness to take the place at once of any player who loses his skate or is injured so that he must retire for repairs. Delays at a summer game may be tolerated, but for fifteen hundred people to stand in an ice-box through delay after delay caused by the carelessness or misfortunes of one or two players, is quite another thing. As it is, only the enthusiasts persevere, whereas, were the game played straightaway, men who fall by the wayside being at once replaced by men who spring up from the wayside, the hockey matches would become spectacles the like of which, for popularity, we have never seen in Canada.

Once upon a time there were no spring skates. Most adults remember the old wooden skate that screwed into the heel of the boot, and which had straps fore and aft that one wound and bound about the



Winderger, T. A. C. Point.

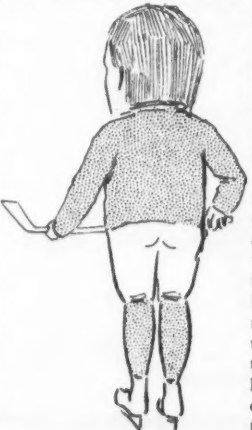


Mr. Crawford, Referee.



McMurrich, T. A. C. Goal.

foot and ankle. At the toe was a wide strap, usually with two or three buckles which one drew up so tight that one's toes were squeezed into a numbness that made them impervious to the cold. Back still further in the history of skating they had skates that turned away up at the toes like the head of a toboggan. On one occasion I skated with several others from a town on the Georgian Bay up to the Cape Croker Indian Reserve, and when we were about to return we saw several Indians spinning about on the ice. One of these showed signs of speed and he persisted in skating ahead of us, whereupon myself and another decided to show him what speed really meant among white men in the centers of civilization, and so we suddenly darted upon him. I observed that he had plain wooden skates tied with thongs to his feet, which were encased in moccasins—a very insecure way of fastening on a skate one would think, and requiring great strength of ankle. I had plenty of time to observe his skates, for, press forward as we might, we could not reduce a lead of ten feet which he had on us, and after going about three miles we gave it up. The Indian, then, with a jubilant cry and a dramatic wave of the arms, circled about us two or three times at a fast clip, and then shot off towards his village, highly pleased with himself. I have often thought that if that Indian had possessed the fine racing skates and boots that are now used he could have notched up a few records.



Kiernan, Trinity's Point.

The result of last Saturday's game, Toronto 10, Imperial 1, was a foregone conclusion, and had not the stickiness of the ice interfered with the Torontos' combination (it did not make any difference to the Imperials, as they had none)

their score would have been considerably greater. The Imperials were never dangerous except for a short period at the beginning of the second half, when they scored two goals in quick succession, and nearly tied the score. The weak spots in both teams, as pointed out by me last week, were strengthened. Foster, who took Bain's position on Imperials' team between the posts, played a good game, stopping cleverly and clearing his goal quickly. The Torontos laid off Hargraff, playing Crawford in his position, and brought on Holland in the latter's place on the forward line. Crawford is an improvement on Hargraff, and with a little practice will no doubt get over his inclination to rush out and leave the goalkeeper unprotected. Holland made a good impression, and while he is not quite as fast as the other three forwards, will be able to keep up his end all right. The Imperials have improved considerably in general play since their last game, but still lack combination and are lamentably weak in their shooting. Thorne and Whitely missed several easy chances to score by their inability to shoot straight. Francis played a strong game throughout, and Kavanagh showed a complete reversal of form over the previous Saturday, stopping and rushing well. Both forward lines had a strong disinclination to follow on, and the game was consequently not so fast as it might have been.

The opening O.H.A. game, T.A.C. 10, Trinity 7, was an exposition of hockey as it should be played, and at times was more like "shinny" than anything else. Trinity showed some combination, but went to pieces in the second half. The tide of hockey at Trinity has ebbed very low if their seven is the best they can do, and it would have been wiser for them to have entered the intermediate series, where they might have had a chance of success. Kiernan, the old Three Rivers player, and Wilkie worked hard, but could not stave off defeat. T. A. C.'s lack of practice was evident by the playing of their forward line, who had no combination to speak of. McArthur played well, but wanted to do too much alone. Johnston was evidently not in condition, and did not play his usual brilliant game. McMurrich played a strong game in goal, and was largely responsible for the success of his team.

Dominion 8, Commerce 7. This was not a first-class exhibition of hockey by any means, although the play was fast and the combination (especially of the Dominions) good. From the beginning there was too much roughness dis-

played, and the game was marked by fierce slashing and hard checking. Before the game commenced I overheard a remark made to a Dominion man, warning him that a certain Commerce player was going to "lay" for him. This certainly is neither gentlemanly nor sportsmanlike. Any man who deliberately checks another with the intention of disabling him should be ruled off for the entire game. Commerce made one change in their team, laying off Hilborne from the forward line and bringing on Ellwood, who was on last year's team. In the first half Ellwood played cover and Nourse forward, but they were changed about twice in the second half. This confused the Commerce forwards, and probably lost them the game. The following on was the fastest I have seen this year, Stevenson being especially conspicuous. There was no change made in the Dominion team, every man played well, and it now looks as if they might duplicate their performance of last year and win the championship again.

It is a pity that Hanlan and Gaudaur cannot refrain from quarreling in print. Hanlan didn't make his reputation with his pen but with a pair of oars, and Gaudaur the same. They are both too old to begin a literary career, and the smartest sallies they get off and the cuts they give each other are more likely to be nasty than neat. If they keep up an ill-natured controversy the row will discredit rowing, as one is permitted to say in English.

The Cape Register comes to this office from South Africa every week, and I see that cricket and swimming are the great ruling sports of the present month of January. All kinds of swimming contests are going forward, and in our severest winter month it sounds odd to read of how the sports plunge joyously into the water to get relief from the sweltering heat. We are a great race of people—doing business, building cities, multiplying in marriage in all climates, from the poles to the equator. Wherever two Britishers meet they shake hands and challenge each other to some kind of a contest.

The annual supper of the Toronto Canoe Club always a most pleasant informal affair, will be held at the Club House on Friday evening next, January 29.

THE UMPIRE.

Ally—That novel of Thompson's is perfect mush. Sallie—Of course. It's a cereal story.

A Bahamian Summer Night.

THE sun is slowly sinking in the western sky,
And dyes in gorgeous hues the glorious canopy.
Resplendent banks of luminous clouds,
Each fleecy fold
And curtain'd loop is bathed in flaming red and gold.
Like phantom ships, across the lustrous aerial sea,
Sail speeding flecks of gale-borne rosy nebulae.
Behold yon lofty mountain ridge, and golden stream
That courses down its side; the sunny isles, that gleam
Mid vap'rous seas; the nestling vale and shining plain.
All shaped by scudding clouds; the rugged rocky main.
And surges rolling 'gainst its base. Illumined by rays
That constant glow and change and blend, and grand displays
Of gorgeous colorings—purple and red and blue
And green and gold, with ev'ry intervening hue
As painted by the dying King. The restless sea—
Emblem of all that's great, progressive, strong and free—
Reflects the heav'nly glow: the rushing, tossing waves
Are burnished and transformed to liquid flame,
Which laves
The sloping shores of curving creek and sound and bay
And surf-washed coast of verdant palm-clad isles.
Away
O'er yonder coral reef the booming surges comb
And break in glittering spray and seething golden foam.
The splendors of the sky increase and brighter glow
The changing banks and flecks of radiant clouds.
Below
The waves responsive toss their flaming crests, and sweep
Against shining strands and shores. Beneath the kindled deep
Sinks down the mighty, glorious orb. That wondrous source
Of light and heat and even life. Whose daily course
Has run fore time evolved, till now, and who still beams
With power and glory unimpaired. Whose fervid streams
Unfold the layered buds, create the fruitful show'rs,
And paint the clouds, the sea and nature's beauteous bow'rs.
Amid transcendent glories of both earth and sky
The King has set. Quickly the light and color die.
The radiant hues soon melt to pearl and slate and gray.
The sea assumes an inky blackness. In the bay
Rise ghostly mists, the isles in deep'ning shadows veil
Till wrapped in gloom of sunless night. The blust'ring gale,
That erst sprang fresh from ocean's briny breast, has died.
The waves are stilled. Sweet lullaby from flowing tide
Is sung, as up and down it dallies with the strand.
Now wafts an od'rous air, as if some fairy hand
Had caught the blossoms' fragrant breath and scattered it.
As incense, on the balmy air. Gray heaven is lit
With myriads of the starry hosts. A spangled sea
Of countless glittering gems. That wondrous galaxy,
The Milky Way, a jeweled track appears; afar
It leads till lost in space. The beauteous evening star,
Chaste, glowing star of love, beams with unwonted fire
And lovely clustering Pleiades. In regions higher
Orion gleams, Neptune, and hosts of mighty globes.
The twinkling gems that deck the Night's celestial robes.
Look to the tell-tale east; his blushing, glowing face
Foretells the coming Queen. Forth from her hiding place,
Behind the Ocean's wide expanse, the rounded Moon
Appears. The shadows fly, as mellow beams illumine
The darkened land and sea. A brilliant golden band
Streams down the bay and gilds the shell-strewn strand.
A track of glowing, heavenly light that seems to come
From the resplendent glories of th' eternal home.
Tis witching midnight hour. In silvered zenith beams
The glorious tropic Moon. A flood of radiance streams
And lights the isles. A golden mirror shines the sea.
The starry hosts are dimmed, eclipsed their brilliancy.
The clouds are gauzy, luminous flecks, and slowly glide
Propelled by gentle air. Upon the eventide
Are heard the fitful chirp of insects through the trees.
The call of fighting birds, the rustle of the leaves
And music of the ebbing tide. From yonder shore,
O'er coral reefs, is borne the breakers' sullen roar.
These sounds alone the stillness break. Life's busy scene
Is o'er and man hath gone to rest, to sleep, to dream.
Toronto, January, 1897. S. P. SAUNDERS.

My Sweetheart.

I" know a maiden fair to see,"
And she hath eyes
Of liquid depths which dreamily
Show clear as limpid brook can be,
And, when they wish, flash merrily
As stars in summer skies.
And round her cheeks soft tresses stray
Of golden hair,
While by her lips sweet dimples play,
And o'er her face anon there may
Be seen a smile which seems a ray
Of sunbeam sparkling there.
But who can know her love divine?
Her mind? Her heart?
All heaven in her face doth shine,
While beauty rare and grace combine
To deck a frame she must resign—
Her outward, temporal part;
And my weak pen can only tell
This transient guise—
Her better part, her love, doth dwell
Deep in her heart, whence, cherished well,
It grows like violet in dell
And blossoms in her eyes.

Quebec. W. B. LEITCH.

A Social Function.

N. Y. Truth.
The clatter of teacups and spoons,
An atmosphere suited for swoons,
Stilted grimaces, inane commonplaces
Just keyed up to prisms and prunes.
A fragrance of orange pekoe,
Smart costumes put on for a show,
Laces and frills, one Jack to ten Jills—
"So perfectly swapper, you know!"
The aching of envious hearts,
The playing of double-faced parts,
Mid purrings feline, some feuds feminine
Are getting most glorious starts.
A college footballist of brawn,
An artist who never has drawn;
A poet, quite tame, with a verse to declaim,
To flatter and on whom to fawn.
Some grand dame's departure the sign
For gush to the hostess benign,
"We really must go! Had a grand time, you know!"
Then homeward with headaches to dine.
ROY L. MCCARDELL.



AT THE RINK.
SCENE—Pretoria Club. Various members circling to last bars of Beautiful Snow.
Debutante to Cavalier—Now be sure and hold me up properly! You know it's only the second time this season I've been on the ice—(staggering). Ouch! My ankles trail so!
Plebeian Sparrow (on roof) to fiancée—Keep your eye on those two, Jessie; by every worm that crawls, she'll have him down!
Cavalier—That's right. You're going beautifully. Lean on me. Now!
Debutante—That's better. I've got quite a swing, haven't I? I could go on for ever—it's just like fly—(sits down heavily).
Sparrow (concealing smile)—Oh, my beak! It is like flying!
Debutante—(still sitting and regarding Cavalier wrathfully)—That's just like you, Fred. No, I don't want to be helped. Go away.
Cavalier (merrily)—I'm not going away; I couldn't leave you here in the middle of the rink. Let me—
(Band strikes up, I'll Stick to the Ship, Ladies).
Mrs. Brown—ones (in hat designed by Mr. Conkey) to friend—Let's slip across and see the curling. Charley's playing. He says no other game gives him such a command of language. (They slip).
1st Curlier (in tam o'shanter)—Ech, mon! Muckle diel blither hame, wee bit cranseuch. Souper oop!
2nd Curlier (bitterly)—Sleek it sae beastie aboon the blaw!
1st Curlier (sweeping emphatically)—Losh keep's a'! Canny nuke gude shoon!
Mrs. Brown—ones—Isn't Scotch a sweet old language? Why, there's Charley! If I'd known he could use a broom so gracefully I'd have made him useful in the house long ago. He's better than a Grand Rapid!
Friend—Yes, curling is a great opening for men. How to Become Domesticated Without Tears, as it were. I shall send Walter.
Enter Nervous Youth and Fair Chicagoan.
N. Y.—Sit down here, Miss Yankem, and I'll put on your skates.
F. C.—Why, that's real nice of you! (Puts out foot. N. Y. turns pale, but manages to conceal emotion for ten minutes).
F. C. (unconsciously)—How sweetly that girl is skating! I'd admire to do it like that, but I guess I'll be all right when I find my feet. (N. Y. gasps).
N. Y.—There's one one. I'm afraid I'm very slow. Oh!—er—oh! (Stops and blushes).
F. C.—What's the matter? You look real weird!
N. Y. (apparently about to faint)—Oh, Miss Yankem!—I apologize— I've put—I've put—
F. C. (regarding foot)—Why, it's all right. I'm always particular to have my skates convulse well.
N. Y.—I've made a terrible mistake. I'm a fool—(blushes)—I've put my skate on you!
F. C. (shrieks)—YOUR skate! How much do you think I have turned up for feet, anyway? I never was so insulted in my life. Take it off!



at once. It's prehistoric—it isn't meant for a foot—it's meant for a yard.
Band plays I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard. Set of Lancers is formed by accomplished Skaters. At the same time Englishman, executed in biscuit color, is assisted to ice.
Eng. (to Backer)—Bi-B-Bib—bib—bib (flings arms about Backer's neck).
Backer (disentangling himself)—Now, strike out! Don't be afraid. There! I'll give you a shove. Off you go!
Englishman spins rapidly around and advances at rate of thirty miles an hour upon Lancers.
Eng. (warningly)—Ta-ta-ta-take—c-a-c-a-ca—(performs complicated figure and collides with infuriated leader in knickerbockers).
Leader—Here—get out! What the dickens do you mean by—
Eng. (apologetically)—Ra-ri-r-r-r I re-re—(Shoots off at a tangent. Continues progress at increased rate of speed. Dashes fat lady from his path).
Cries from the Balcony: "Chain 'im up!" "Where's his muzzle?" "Put 'im out!" etc.

Band plays See Me Dance. Englishman finally stopped by snow-scraper. Finds tongue.
Eng.—D—did—did-d-d-d-d-d—DA—
Sparrow (to fiancée)—Don't listen to him, Jessie.
Jessie—What is the gentleman trying to say?
Sparrow (embarrassed)—Oh, he is merely expressing an interest in the future welfare of the man who started him. But never mind him. There's a beautiful, luscious, preserved worm I left on the Confederation Life roof last May. Let's find it.
GORRY.

The Lawyers Didn't go to Law.

A CANADIAN case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce—at least in so far as results are concerned—occurred in regard to two farms up in the township of Beverley, county. It was claimed by one farmer that the line fence encroached two feet on his property, and as his neighbor disputed the claim, they went to law. In due course it passed through the simple processes of the lower courts, and eminent counsel were retained to fight it out to a finish, and so, for twelve or fifteen years, the case proceeded. Every year found the two farmers in poorer circumstances, straining themselves to provide money to keep up the fight, and at last the lawyers of the respective litigants secured the two farms. The names of the lawyers are among the most prominent in the legal profession of Ontario to-day.
Even when the litigants had lost their farms to their counsel, the case was unfinished, but the story goes that the lawyers met one day on the railway platform at Hamilton and agreed that the case should be settled in so far as the original disputants were concerned.
"And how about the line fence?" asked the lawyer who now owned the farm that was supposed to encroach upon the other. "Do you want that two feet of land?"
"Oh, darn the two feet," replied the other. "The rest of the farm is big enough for me." Whether the two distinguished men of law still own those farms in Beverley township, deponent sayeth not.
A point worthy of consideration is this, that lawyers, however complex and extensive may be their landed or business interests, seldom go to law with each other.

Our Public Library.

THERE'S nothing like a public library. No town that has a librarian with a weakness for enjoying himself at the expense of his fellow-citizens, and who has utterly hardened himself to human misery, should be without one. Not that I have any grudge against the custodian of our collected wisdom of ages. He's one of the most affable men you ever met (there'll be trouble if ever I meet him!) and every time you take a book out he sends you one of the politest postcards you ever read, to say that you've now had the book two weeks and to bring it back at once, and all the money you have with it, and to be thankful if you're not sent to jail and hanged shortly afterwards if there's a spot on the outside or a crinkle on the inside. Some day I'm going to learn to ride the bicycle (the scorching kind, you know!) just to see if I can't get home with a book before the postcard's there to say it's overdue. I don't think it can be done, but I'm going to try it. By the by, if there's a leaf torn, or—(I turn white as I say it—anyway, it was that way when I got it) gone! then, steady, my trusty steed! and I'm going too.
Some people seem to imagine that a public library is for no other purpose in the world than to enable them to read the very books you want to read yourself. Often, I own, when I go to the library to get out one of the latest books of fiction, and find not one of them in, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Scott passed over unnoticed, I simply blush for shame for the age I live in. As a matter of fact, why, in heaven's name, anyway, about two thousand people with a partiality for the latest novel by Barrie, or Crawford, or Weyman, should insist upon living in just the age I live in, and jamming themselves into the precise town I've chosen to reside at, is something I never could understand. I hate people that intrude.
However, perhaps I shouldn't complain, for I once did get out the book I wanted. Only the fifth time I had been there for it, too. I shall never forget my joy. I was entranced. The first day I got through the twenty-three-page introduction and well into the first chapter. Next day I lost it. Next day to that I paid \$1.75 for it. It is stamped upon my memory. I shall never forget it. And that introduction was such a brute of a one, and the first chapter so divinely interesting; began with a regular denouement. I remember two marriages and a murder, and a — But there, there! it's all a closed book to me now.

On the whole, Jim Smith's (that—barring the 's—is my next-door neighbor) description of a public library is only too true. "A public library," says he, "is a great institution; in it you can always be dead sure of getting anything you don't want, and have the absolute satisfaction of knowing that your fellow-citizens have everything you do want."
Smith's English may not be of the best, but he is a man of vast observation and possessed of an intellect at once massive and acute. I honor his sentiments. If ever our public librarian dies (by the hand of the assassin or otherwise), and I can't get the position myself, I'm going to recommend that it be given to Smith. On conditions, however: First, that no new book shall be taken out of the library (by anyone other than myself) until a year after the author's death; or, if the author should happen to be dead at the time the book's first taken in, until a year after my death. Second, that no postcard be sent to me concerning any book whatsoever until one week after I have read the same, and that, furthermore, said postcard shall be at the expense of the public, and shall give me fifty clear days (not including Sundays) to return the book. Third, that if my ticket get lost, all other work at the public library do at once stop and the whole staff assist in a search for the same until it is duly recovered. And, fourth and last, that if the book itself be lost, all further communications, negotiations

and correspondence regarding the same do forthwith cease, terminate and come to an end.
H. C. BOULTBEE.
N.B.—Smith's an utter ass. I've just discovered that it's he that's been reading Weyman as if he were a collection of dime novels.
2nd N.B.—All the difference in the world!

It Was Beresford.

IN our last issue we reproduced an anecdote from the *Youth's Companion* in which Lord Wolseley was credited with having, along with Mr. Nourse, ransacked the post-office at Korti during the Egyptian campaign. In commenting upon the anecdote we stated that it would have a more plausible sound if the other party to the escapade had been Lord Charles Beresford rather than Wolseley, for the latter was not called "Charlie," nor was he much given to pranks in Egypt or elsewhere. Confirmation of our view has reached us in the shape of a note from Mr. C. J. K. Nourse of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, (the well known hockey player), who is a brother of the Mr. Nourse referred to. He says: "The incident has been printed in several English and American papers, but none of them noticed the mistake which you point out. You were quite correct in supposing that it was Lord Charles Beresford and not Lord Wolseley. I happened to be present when my brother related the incident during an interview with a reporter, who, as reporters sometimes will, got the names a little mixed." We have taken the liberty of quoting thus from Mr. Nourse's note, knowing, as we do, how persistently an anecdote will come to the front and how necessary it therefore is to have it fitted to the correct persons.

The Prodigal Tramp.

It WAS a bitterly cold night. A middle-aged individual entered a Yonge and College street car at the western boundary of Toronto. He took a seat and occupied himself by keenly scrutinizing a car ticket which some kindly disposed person had probably given him. The man was very ragged; he was undoubtedly a tramp, yet the way he wore his rags, the way he held his hands and poised his head, showed that he was one who had seen better days. When the conductor came along the man arose and, with exaggerated grace, deposited his ticket in the box and said, "Transfer, please."
"Which way?" asked the conductor.
"North, south, east, west, as you like," replied the passenger. "I will not presume to dictate. I am homeless and don't care where I go."
The conductor finally decided to give him a transfer that would carry him to the east end. Leaving the car when his right to travel on the transfer had been exhausted, he searched his pockets and brought out three cents, an old pipe and some tobacco.
"Humph!" said he. "That is all."
But in another pocket he found a book—a well thumbed copy of the Book of Common Prayer, which he held up to the light.
"Had I obeyed the mandates of that little book I should not be the homeless wanderer I am this night. I cannot help what's past and gone, but I will, with God's help, amend the future."
Just then his eye encountered a neat frame church near by.
"Good omen!" he said. "I will make a start this very night."
He tried the door, but found it securely fastened. He rapped, but no response came; everything was as quiet and silent as the grave. He was about to give up in despair, when a little of his old-time determination came over him, and he knocked again, this time a great deal louder than before.
"What do you want? What do you mean by disturbing the sanctity of this place in this way?" asked a sepulchral voice from within.
"I want to get in. I am tired," answered the tramp.
"Who ever heard the like! This is not a tavern," explained the ghostly voice.
"I know, but it is a house of prayer, is it not?"
"Yes, but this isn't Sunday."

"What difference —"
"Don't be foolish, man. Here is a rule easy to remember: The taverns are open six days and the churches one—when the taverns are open the churches are closed, and when the taverns are closed the churches are open—see?" asked the ghost, highly pleased with its lucid explanation.
Before the tramp could say more he was roughly seized by the shoulder.
"Here, here! what are you fooling around this church for?" demanded a policeman. The tramp's explanation was so absurd that the policeman marched him off.
"He's looney," explained the sergeant to the reporter as the tramp was led down to the cells. "No. 102 found him thyrin' to get into a church—said he wanted to pray—wanted to pray in a church on a Choosday."
The reporter laughed as he read on the slate: "John Penitence, tramp, charge, insane."
Toronto, Jan., '96. E. W. H.

Honesty Is Its Own Reward.

THE Belt Line car was rather crowded, several men being obliged to stand. A prim little old lady searched hurriedly in hersatchel for a ticket, and a dollar bill fell from her fingers unnoticed. A young man, well known about town, who was in rather nightgown attire, restored the bill to its owner. She was profuse in words of thanks—prim, precise words—and for some moments after continued to fumble in her purse. At last she found what she wanted, and, touching the rescuer of her money on the arm, said: "I wish to give you this for your honesty," at the same time handing him five cents.
"Madam," answered the young man gallantly, as he raised his hat, "you are very good, but I am afraid to take it, as it might tempt me to return to a habit against which I am striving. Drink, madam, has been my ruin."
During this speech the little woman's face had grown very red and a startled look came into her eyes.
"In that case," she said nervously, "of course I cannot think of offering it to you," and, taking the silver piece, she hastily returned it to her bag, as she signaled to the conductor to stop the car.
She was assisted to alight by the young man, who preserved a grave and decorous expression which was belied by the twinkle in his eyes; the old lady hobbled quickly away, evidently still flustered to think how nearly she had imperiled the soul of a worthy young man.
V. B.

Twelfth Night.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT (January 6) used to be the great festival of Great Britain. For a long time Christmas and New Year's have caused the ancient festival to be abandoned save in a few remote parts of England and Scotland. The Caithness Society in Toronto holds its annual re-union on Twelfth Night, but how far the ancient customs of the feast are observed only Caithness men know. However, as Sir Oliver Mowat and Rev. G. M. Milligan are prominent members of the Society it may be presumed that the feast is not observed in ancient form. In the old days the occasion was celebrated by the election of a mock monarch whose behests it was the duty of all present to obey, especially in matters of eating and drinking. When all were assembled a cake was cut and divided, and the one who found a bean in his part was thus elected "king of the bean," and, in Scotland, he had to pay for the feast. The king took the head of the table and appointed as his vice-chairman "the fool of the feast," whose duty it was to keep the table in a roar of laughter. While listening to the jester's wit all had to keep one eye on the king to see that he did not drink unobserved, for whenever his mock majesty raised his glass all shouted, "The king drinks," clapped their hands, clinked glasses and drank with him. It was etiquette to drink only and always when the king drank, but somehow the wily bean always fell to a man who would keep the glasses rattling. Twelfth Night was thus spent in intemperate hilarity in "the brave days of old." Here and

there a band of roysterers keep up the custom in parts of Scotland.

John Langley's Will.

WE have been permitted to examine ten monthly parts of the *European Magazine and London Review* for the year 1784, the property of Mrs. Baldwin, 123 Beverley street, Toronto, and shall refer to its interesting contents next week. Just here we wish to reproduce from the February number of that old-time magazine the copy of a singular will found in Ireland and dated 1674, the will of one John Langley, who had come over with Cromwell and settled in Ireland:
I, John Langley, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own handwriting. I do leave all my house, goods, and farm of Black-kettle, of two hundred and forty-three acres, to my son John, commonly called Stubborn Jack, to him and his heirs forever; provided he marries a Protestant woman, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me Oliver's whelp. My new buckskin breeches, and my silver tobacco-stopper, with J. L. on top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade who helped me off at the storm of Clonmell when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead, and Grace Hendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing, five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table, in my coffin, in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and everyone shall have two quarts of the best *agua rita*, and each one a skein, dirk or knife laid before him; and when their liquor is out, I am up and commit me to earth whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this 2nd of March, 1674.
JOHN LANGLEY.
Witness:
WILLIAM PUSCAL,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.
Some of his friends asked him why he would be at such a charge to treat the Irish at his funeral, a people whom he never loved.
"Why for that reason," replied Langley, "for they will get so drunk at my wake that they will kill one another, and so we shall get rid of some of the breed; and if everyone would follow my example in their will, in time we should get rid of them all."
The old record goes on to say that Stubborn Jack did not comply with this part of the will, so that Langley's deep-laid scheme was never put to the test.

Some Chat of Nova Scotia.

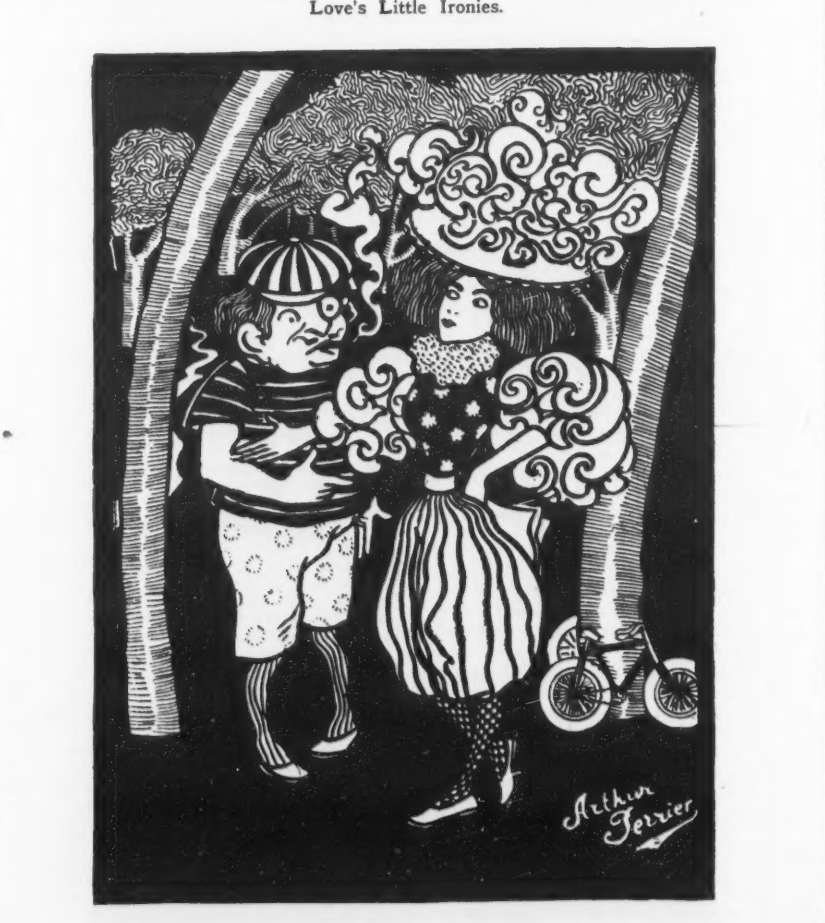
MR. BECKLES WILLSON, who has made a tour of Canada for the *London Mail*, has written some very entertaining letters about the people of our various provinces. Here are a couple of his paragraphs about Nova Scotia:
Dalhousie College and University offer the most excellent educational advantages to the youth of Halifax. They are un denominational and include faculties of arts, law, medicine and science. There are at present about three hundred students, and a ruddier-cheeked and more stalwart lot of young fellows I have never encountered anywhere. I saw them twice playing football—Rugby, of course—and I should like to back either them or the Wanderers, an even stronger team, against any of the junior teams in the Midlands. When they amalgamated—as they did in the match, Canada vs. England, when the admiral and the general and all Halifax society turned out *en masse*—their aspect was truly Olympic. Canada won, and I half expected the men-of-war in the harbor to fire a salute, and the guns of the citadel to go off, and the Union Jack to run up everywhere, the event was so generally gratifying. It's something to have reared sons like that. Those three young Canadian heroes, Stairs, Robinson and Mackay, who only yesterday laid down their lives in Africa for the Empire, were a decade ago playing football on this very field. Going a little farther back, General Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, Sir Provo Wallis, and Inglis of Lucknow—Nova Scotians all—were doing the same thing; and there are plenty more of the same breed.
Neither Halifax nor Nova Scotia have yet discovered that great boon—a national drink. The Montreal ale I prefer to Bass; light French wines come into the Dominion duty free; but Nova Scotia cider is yet unbrewed. Nor while the Halifax drinking water remains yellow, and the Haligonian cooks and housewives remain uninstructed in that most imperative of all the arts—the art of making a cup of tea, can I gratefully accept these beverages. There is honest beer, and there is honest cider—and I have known people who could imbibe ginger ale with relish—but alas, and alas! the Haligonians drink milk—and iced milk at that. I shall require much further persuasion before I can become convinced that any nation ever did, or ever could, become great, which habitually dined on soup and beef and pickles—with iced cow's milk to follow. The price of this is deterioration, and I warn the Nova Scotians that it "can't (or shouldn't) be done at the price."

If Quite Convenient.

General McClellan, when in command of the army, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter:
MY DEAR McCLELLAN,—If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for awhile.
Yours respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

Two More of the Archbishop's Stories.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury had many good stories to tell. Two are recalled by his private secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips, in some Personal Reminiscences, which he contributes to the January number of the *London Sunday Magazine*. One concerned Archbishop Tait's coachman, who was a very original character. One day a clergyman who called at the palace asked him whether he had still as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime. "There's always a goodish bit doing, sir, but it's been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business!" The Right Rev. Edward Parry had recently been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover.
Another of the Archbishop's stories, also of a coachman, will be new to many. A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it. "They ought to go," he said. "That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me, I go, and what harm does it do me?'"



"Sir, how dare you propose to me with that cigar in your mouth!"
"Ah, but Marie, be merciful, be just! Have I not said my heart is on fire? Where then should I be without the smoke?"—Pick-Me-Up.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.
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MEDITERRANEAN
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Steamers	From N. York	Arrive Gibraltar	Arrive Naples	Arrive Genoa
Fulda	Feb. 6	Feb. 15	Feb. 18	Feb. 19
Normannia	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 26	Feb. 24
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 11	Mar. 3
Werra	Feb. 27	Mar. 8	Mar. 18	Mar. 11
Fulda	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 18	Mar. 19
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Mar. 13	Mar. 22	Mar. 26	Mar. 24
Werra	Mar. 20	Mar. 29	Mar. 31	Mar. 28
Fulda	Mar. 27	Apr. 5	Apr. 8	Apr. 9
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Apr. 3	Apr. 12	Apr. 15	Apr. 16

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AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Anecdotal.

The late S. Teackle Wallis of Baltimore was asked by a friend if a certain rich lawyer had made his money by his practice. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Wallis, "not by his practice, but by his practices."

Bonnat, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M., away down there at the foot of the table, appear to you?" "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I know is his shirt-front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonnat, "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"

When Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn avenue Baptist church at Scranton, he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I cannot accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

Many stories are told of the witty retorts made by a New England judge who died a few years ago, and among them is one which proves that his wit did not desert him under the most trying circumstances. One day, as he started down the steps which led from the court house in a town where he had been hearing an important case, he slipped, lost his footing, and fell, with many thumps and bumps, to the sidewalk. One of the influential men of the place who was passing hurried up to the judge, as the latter slowly rose to his feet. "I trust your honor is not seriously hurt?" he said in anxious enquiry. "My honor is not at all hurt," returned the judge ruefully, "but my elbows and knees are, I can assure you!"

Charlie, aged six, had a great admiration for Bible characters, also a horror of drunkenness, the results of early training. So when in his first essay into the "grown up" Bible he

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learned of the defection of one of his favorite heroes, Noah, his sorrow was deep, and indignation strong. But, true to his sex, he tried to find excuses for him, and studied the Bible story to find one. For a while he was not successful, but one day he came in with a bright, satisfied face and announced, "I know now how it happened that Noah got drunk: 'twas getting married that did it." "Married!" echoed his mother; "what makes you think that?" "Why, it's all there in the Bible," he said. "'Twas when he began to be a husband-man."

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire. The teacher, well acquainted with his hobby, prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give to his accustomed enquiry. When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said: "You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones's remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?" Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison: "Form a line and march down-stairs."

At a recent "literary dinner" in London, Mr. I. Zangwill told a story of a certain fat lady of his acquaintance. Her corpulence had so grown upon her that she resolved to consult a physician about it. She had had no previous experience with "bawling" of any sort. The doctor drew up a careful dietary for her. She must eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, and a few other things of the same lean sort, and in a month return and report the result to the doctor. At the end of the time the lady came, and was so stout that she could hardly get through the door. The doctor was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously," she answered. His brow wrinkled in perplexity. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. "Did you eat anything else?" he asked. "Why, I ate my ordinary meals," said the lady.

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get up he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote The Barber of Seville in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this, he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the Gazza Lutra was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera, not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to copyists beneath.

Between You and Me.

THAT our way is the right way, is so apt to be our conviction as to make any other way seem impossible. I wonder how we of the West should like to live in Japan! There it seems that custom, like dreams, goes by contraries. It is curious to remark that the Jap, whose greatest ambition is to ride horseback (I wonder has he tried a wheel?) and to wear a plug hat, in both of which feats he's absurd, can give every "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" points upon contrariness. He stables his horse with its tail in the manger, and hangs its hay in a hammock at the exit of the stall; makes it wear its mane on the left side, and climbs on its back from the right side. He addresses his letter upside down, putting the name of the correspondent last; he reads his newspaper backwards, the first column being on the right-hand side of the sheet; his book begins on the last page and the foot-notes are at the top! The ways of the Japanese carpenter are to pull his saw towards him, and rub his board on the fixed blade of a plane. The building of his house begins with the roof, which is afterwards "raised" to its proper altitude on beams. The tailor makes the lining of his coat first and fits the outside by it, but then you all know that Japanese coats aren't what they might be in correct build. Even the Japanese lady has the national upsidownness, for, not to mention that she never kisses her lover, her hubby, or even her twiddle-eyed baby, her stitches lead from her instead of toward her, and her needle has its eye in its point. One does not wonder that the Japs look as they do, after a consideration of all this peculiar procedure. And yet, they must think us just as queer in our ways, though I fancy their superior breeding makes them far too polite to comment thereon. As in act, so it may be in thought, only that thoughts are things without name and country, and their government is a sovereignty of one, and absolute. It does seem as if some people habitually thought in Japanese, wrong side up, so to speak, and the result, when one tries to think with them, is apt to be rattling. And one finds such thinkers here in Toronto, more pronounced in their contrariness than in Lotus Land.

A little Sunday school scholar who has evidently lately come under the hand of the inoculation fiend, was questioned by her teacher as to who gave her the name with which she is tagged. "My godfathers and godmothers in my vaccination," piped the small girl, to the delight of all the other youngsters. By the way, the anti-vaccination people, who have been so long held up to horror, are getting justification at last, it seems. Really, when they have taken away a few more of the terrors which have for ages ruled our minds in infancy, we shall feel like congratulating the coming generation on its improved growing permit.

"Where did I come from?" was the poser presented by a little girl who is allowed to ask one question every evening of her mother, which the mother pledges herself to answer if she can. There are evenings when the mother says she fairly quails before the earnest eyes,

big with enquiry, and the questions sometimes require a hard spell of thinking, during which the child sits unrelenting and unmerciful, looking and waiting, in that blessed attitude of receptiveness which brings us all our knowledge. "You came from the spirit of God, my darling," said the mother without a moment's hesitation. "I have my question ready for to-morrow," said the child after a moment's thought. "Perhaps you would like to ask it now?" said the mother, with that knowledge which she has gained through much thinking and waiting. The child did not at once answer, but in a moment she nodded conclusively. "I think I don't need to; I know the answer," she said with a deep breath of satisfaction. "I was going to ask you to tell me where I should go to when I died." "Yes; that's what I fancied," said the mother. "But, of course, mother, I shall just go back!" remarked the little maid, and I don't suppose two of the most tiresome questions stupid mortals ever worried over will ever again cause her a moment's anxiety.

One hears a great deal of abuse and railing these days at the worship of gold which absorbs the souls of men. Parsons preach, lecturers launch invective and sarcasm, and private individuals with empty pockets join faintly in the cry, and rave against Mammon. Granted that it is a fact, this uneven distribution of yellow-boys, also that gold-worship destroys the soul's power and stops its development, does it make it any less deadly if we who are poor shriek our envy and discontent in the form of accusations? The more convinced we become that gold-getting grows into a curse, the quieter should we be about it. The sight of a world of creatures, who have each within him the power and the spirit of a god, divided into those who are absorbed body, mind and soul in yellow gold, and its accompaniments of danger and distress, and those who rend the air with bitter words against more fortunate speculators, isn't an elevating or creditable one. Our own little Canadian gold-boom has weakened the matter into fresh life. There is no denying the power of wealth any more than the surety of being scooped up by the fender if one obstructs a trolley car, but the power of wealth is not the highest power, and can only be enjoyed and wielded by a limited number. There are half a dozen better forces at the disposal of each of us which we may use to our eternal good if only we aren't too stupid to take possession of them. There are better drinks than champagne, better meats than *pate de foie gras*. It is by thoughts like these we shall even the world and lift ourselves into regions where money is as paving-stones. Did it ever occur to you what is the hint given in the mention that the streets of the ideal abode of bliss are paved with gold? If you once get that hint leaving your gray matter you will never more pipe the little discordant tune which is heard from pulpit and platform against gold worship, not because gold-worship isn't a mistake, but because you will have lost the envy you had against the mistaken ones!

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

VIRGINIA.—Glad you enjoyed your visit to Toronto. You are a thoughtful, rather original person, careful and constant, apt to allow yourself to be too easily discouraged, not sufficiently exact in judgment, but conscientious and very discreet. The character is not developed as it might be in a more bracing atmosphere. Think, strike out for yourself, see, judge, and don't allow yourself to become a figurehead.

HARRY, OLD GIRL.—All that is gentle, sympathetic and attractive is what I see; your nature is eminently kind and amiable, and your disposition sweet and hopeful. There is no grace of thought and expression, no marked self-assertion, but plenty of quiet determination and an adaptable nature, able to make the best of things. You like nice and pretty surroundings and have artistic taste; a buoyant and slightly ambitious turn of thought. No jarring line disturbs the ease of this pleasant study.

KATHLEEN MAYOURNEEN.—Are you a boy, Kathleen? Whether or no, thanks for your good wishes. The prosperity can't come along any too soon. It isn't fair to study your child-writing. The faults you pretend to want to know are not very bad. The nice things are courage, honor and candor, and unusual intelligence. I am sure you are a clever girl (or boy), and you have some pride, possibly of heredity, that is connected with one or other of your parents. It shows even in your child-hand. You have the instinct of discretion, can surely be trusted, and that's all to-day. Thank you, my Kathleen!

ST. MARK'S.—1. Next week's journal was rather a quick call, my friend. Next month's has exactly hit you. 2. Yours is rather a curious mixture, care and indifference, fine energy and straightforward effort, with a good deal of wasted force and at the same time much courage, independence and originality. You are generous and, I fancy, improvident, not caring a straw for the impressions you leave, though very open to impression from others. In short, a nature needing concreting very much, but with all the material for an extra fine character. Can it be that youth is your only fault? If so, take courage.

MAC.—I. Glad you appreciate our Christmas picture. It is, to my mind, much more valuable to the people of Canada than any I have seen. 2. Your writing shows a rather hopeful, even-tempered and adaptable man, fond of beauty, sympathetic in nature and sure to give his best effort to perfect any task in hand. There is some ambition, but the whole effort is well balanced and control is evident. Patience and constancy are shown, also good sequence of ideas and reasonable mind. 3. Kate Carnegie is a charming story, but it is not so crisp and clear as the books it follows. Several of their well known characters are in it.

ELEMDAINE.—Not a line nor a hundred lines would do you justice. Don't you know what a curious combination you are? Your writing shows original and sparkling thought, a need of friends and sympathy, a love of life and motion; a pessimistic turn; abundant vitality and energy; great imagination and perhaps an ambition in the field of literature. You have a cross to your "it" that wins my heart. You are sometimes prejudiced and a trifle unreasonable, abhorrent windy argument, jump to conclusions, surprisingly accurate, enjoy a good joke to perfection. This is "the ghastly truth," and I could go on for ten minutes, but the printers would object.

ROMOLA.—Your study is distinctly dreadful, "I

am selfish enough to try to escape my load of woe. I fear to die. I cannot live. My life is a hell, caused by sin." Well, I hope you are good and dead by this time; I will not risk adding another pang by giving you a study in case you are living to find out what your writing betrays. Seriously, in all conscience, I beg of you never to send such a tirade through the mails again as I have had the task of considering this day. Shame on you! Your enclosure is barred by rules, and it probably would have gone into the waste basket anyway. I am sure such an extract should have been kept, as it was intended, private and confidential.

DOUBTFUL.—1. Now, you are the sort of girl I like. There is no human creature low enough to pity, except those who want to be pitied. No one should so desire. We are divine, the part of us which is to endure. The accident of body, of sex, of station, passes away and still we are here. Never lose hold of your indignant repudiation of pity; and also, never deserve the insult. 2. Your writing is very crude, lacking most of the gentler traits. Evidently you need loving and petting very badly; but then you are strong, independent, erratic and impulsive, easy to impress and very receptive; the making of a splendid character, if you take care. Please do.

JUVENILE.—1. What a funny child, to wonder that men like you, if you amuse them only! Whisper, sweet debutante, nine out of ten men believe, in spite of their smug denials, that woman was created for that express purpose. The tenth man is a terrible bore. Deliver me from him! 2. Your writing shows an even temper, level head and lots of discretion and thought. You are a bright girl, and have more strength and individuality than people generally credit you with, splendid constancy, and a gentle though decided method. You can always make the best of circumstances, and if you are not a very close reasoner you take very admirable short-cuts to conclusions. I am sure your debut was pleasant.

TRAVELER.—The chief characteristic of this study is dogged persistence. The writer will never be turned aside from the attainment of her ends, though she may attain them by devious ways. It is neither a calm nor disciplined character, not the least bit ingratiating, nor apt to be tactful and sympathetic. Writer is conservative and very loyal to her own, of considerable force and originality, and extremely self-willed. Easily won by kindness, naturally hasty in speech, desirous of approbation and somewhat impulsive. Pride of birth and some ambition are shown. Writer vibrates between suspicion and trust of her friends. It is the nature that preys upon itself. The truest and best of friends, honest, loving and devoted, these natures try to be the worst of enemies, but lack the needful cunning.

PENSEROSO.—No one has failure written across his life, unless he writes it himself. Believing as I do, that life is continuous, under different aspects, as we take our way through the ages, I often feel like mourning for the hard struggle which some former ill-doing entails upon myself and my contemporaries. But it must be faced, and the failure no man can assure. Perhaps the life that looks to us the most hapless is the very one which has made the greatest progress. The handicap may have been so terrible. God help all such poor workers. Yes, I will disappoint you. Do not take pains; be happy. There isn't the least use in groaning and agonizing. We were meant to be happy, only we don't believe it. Your writing is erratic, chaotic and crude, like your mind; but, again, there is the stuff in it to make a fine study.

ROSALIND.—Don't mix heart and brain like that, my good friend. People who find it hard to get through the day, for want of means of killing time, are not heart, but head-empty. Many of the heart-empty people are the busy, busy workers. I think you are a trifle off when after due thought you have come to the conclusion that women are not qualified to vote. If they are not better qualified than many men, taking them each one by one, I want to be an angel, that's all! Not one vote in twenty given by men is the expression of *mens sana in corpore sano*, which means that either greed, prejudice, laziness or stupidity swings the pendulum and wins the election. Go to, Rosalind! Wait till you're twice nineteen and you'll know better. Thanks very much for your kind wishes, which I most heartily reciprocate. 2. Your writing isn't what it will be.

VIOLA V.—All the paper friends remembered good wishes, which was sweet of them to a person most of them vaguely addressed as "Dear Sir or Madam." Thanks for yours. "May you live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave." I can scarcely believe in your *non de plume*; maybe you're another little man in petticoats. I am so pleased that you relied on my judgment and got a wheel, and I'm not a bit surprised you're an enthusiast. 2. Clean and oil it thoroughly, and turn it upside down in a not very warm place. I guess, unless the winter comes along soon, you won't need to put it away at all. I have been riding every day this week—cold, but invigorating. 3. Your writing is delightful; self-respect, vigor and good sense are seen at a glance. Your will is not very firm nor your purpose as constant as it might be. Don't waver; you have good affection, very persistent effort, discretion amounting almost to distrust. You have many a manly thought and impulse. Should be a very useful and long-headed woman, perhaps a bit too reserved and self-reliant.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

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Those who were unable to hear the lecture given last week by Professor Mavor of Toronto University, on William Morris, missed a most delightful and inspiring hour. It was given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association, and the lecturer was introduced by Hon. G. W. Allan. Mr. Mavor did not waste time by giving a mere record of events, but, looking more deeply, went into some of the causes which had led to Morris's development. Perhaps the most philosophically interesting statement which he made was that the cause which had operated most largely in his development in literature was the same cause which had given him his special bent in art, and which had led him into the ranks of the socialists. It was his revolt against classicism, against authority, which determined his life in these seemingly different directions. He was the contemporary and personal friend of Swinburne and Rossetti. These men were born at that most interesting of periods when in every branch of art men were deserting the old standards. Constable, in painting; Barye, in sculpture; Berlioz, in music; Dumas, in literature, were all breaking away from the old, the academic. A little later this resulted in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Morris might have been a Pre-Raphaelite painter, except for the fact that it soon became the fashion for young men to turn to Pre-Raphaelite painting, which was sufficient to deter a man like Morris. From his father, a successful merchant, he inherited an ample fortune, so that he never felt the pressure of poverty. He was a thoroughly jovial man and lived in baronial style, never sitting down to dine with fewer than twelve or fourteen guests. With Rossetti he at an early period decorated the room of a debating society at Oxford, and about this time purchased one of Rossetti's earlier pictures. He was greatly influenced by the criticism of Ruskin, as were all the men who were possessed of the "Gothic idea." He induced Burne-Jones to give up the ministry and go into art, and about the same time united with other friends in persuading Holman Hunt not to go out as an emigrant to Canada. Hunt was enabled to remain at home and continue his painting chiefly by the generosity of Millais, who supported him for a couple of years. Morris's first important work was in the region of poetry. He published *The Defence of Guinevere*, which received little notice at the time, but which was appreciated later, when he had written *Jason and the Earthly Paradise*. He was not a dramatist, being conspicuously lacking in the ability to put himself in the place of another; for the same reason he was unable to argue, apparently seeing things from only one point of view. The lecturer stated that in spite of his revolt against classicism, and their ardent love of the mediæval, Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris were all Greeks as well as Goths, that the germ of the Gothic was contained in the Greek, and that they were only applying the Gothic spirit to classical inspirations. Mr. Mavor said it was too soon to assign Morris a place in political thought; he had been called a socialist, but even Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and others, who had professed a consuming regard for the condition of society, had appropriated that name; that he was more of an anarchist than a socialist, as he was not in sympathy with what is known as State Socialism, but looked forward to the time when laws would cease. The lecturer thought that the socialists had exploited Morris, and said that he had withdrawn from the body four or five years ago. He was an

exceedingly busy man, never wasting a moment, and had even employed the time necessarily spent on railways by translating the *Odyssey*. He had a large establishment on Oxford street, Burne-Jones being a member of the firm, where designs were made for all sorts of fabrics and for wall-papers, and in Surrey he had extensive works devoted to tapestry making, where tapestries of the highest order in design and execution have been produced. The designs were usually made by Burne-Jones and Walter Crane, and the tapestries were not woven, but the threads were drawn through and knotted by hand. Morris's name is also associated with the decoration of St. James' Palace, and with that of many other important buildings, both public and private. Mr. Mavor read some selections from his poems, and at the close of the lecture showed his audience some books issued from the Kelmscott press, which were delightful in texture and design, but somewhat difficult to read. Rev. Prof. Clark seconded the vote of thanks and made a severe but just remonstrance against people coming in late and disturbing both speaker and audience.

The next lecture of the course will be held in Room 80, Canada Life Building, on Tuesday, January 26, at four o'clock. The lecturer is Rev. Father Ryan, and his subject is Fra Angelico.

A half-hour spent in Mr. Atkinson's studio revealed some dozen or more canvases, the subjects for which had been suggested by studies made at the Island of Orleans. Mr. Atkinson's treatment of his subject has changed very much in the last two or three years. The subject itself is substantially the same; a landscape, often an evening one, with a rising moon, a road narrowing towards the middle distance, a flock of sheep or some cottages and distant trees; simple enough elements, but combined with a great deal of feeling for nature in her quiet moods. But into the method of expressing his idea a change has come; the formerly somewhat intense greens have acquired a soft grayness, all the tones have been brought closer together, a little more purple has crept into the tree trunks, and the foliage, both distant and near at hand, is more loosely and more simply treated. Only in one or two instances do the sheep retain a suggestion of his earlier manner and seem slightly out of tone, the lights a little too light, the darks a little too dark and somewhat brownish in color. But there is on the whole much more atmosphere than formerly, and more freedom of handling. One particularly attractive canvas shows a bit of road after a snow-flurry; a cottage in the distance, some scattered foliage and slim trunks in the foreground of course help to make the composition, but the picture is the patches of already melting snow by the road-side; it lies in the pale green hollows which skirt the road, and on the level fields beyond, and we feel that we are living on one of those bright, bracing days of early autumn when a passing cloud has partly whitened everything for a moment, but the sun is already taking away the moisture which was so lavishly bestowed. This is only one of several which we hope to see at the spring exhibitions, here and in Ottawa.

News has reached us that Mr. John Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon have just been elected Royal Academicians. Mr. Sargent was also a candidate, and it seemed probable that he might go in place of Mr. Sargent, but, fortunately, we think, the influence of the younger men prevailed, and the Royal Academy is no longer open to the reproach of passing over men of undoubted ability and electing only the producers of sentimental and popular work. Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, of American parents, in 1850, and Mr. Shannon was born in the State of New York in 1862.

Those who wish to know something about Mr. Shannon, one of the newly elected Academicians, will find a very interesting article on him in the *Magazine of Art* for December. Its illustrations show conclusively that he is no longer the slave of the "square-brush" touch, as might have been said of him five years ago. The adverse criticism of his manner has resulted in a technique more individual and not less strong. The study of Sir Henry Irving as Louis XI. and the painting of Josef Hoffman at the piano are especially good. The Doll is too manifestly and too direct an imitation of Velasquez to be interesting.

Mr. E. Wylie Grier is beginning a full-length standing portrait of Hon. G. W. Allan. It is intended for Trinity College.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

MacPherson Protested.

THERE is an excellent little corner in the *Canadian Gazette* devoted to "Stray Points," and many anecdotes get into it, which, if not always new, are always Canadian and amusing. Apropos of Ian MacLaren's statement that he found Scotchmen in Canada and the United States as self-complacent and self-sufficient as at home, this anecdote about MacPherson of Glengarry is revived: This self-complacency and self-sufficiency of the Scotch were well illustrated by one of the noble band of Highlanders who, after the War of Independence, removed themselves to Canada under the old flag rather than live under what seemed to them a rebel standard. Their guide, then a very young man, used often to dilate to his delighted fellow-Canadians upon what was then the long journey from Roches-

ter, N. Y., to Glengarry, Ont., where he settled the whole of the Highlanders together, and where their descendants speak Gaelic and wear the kilt unto this day. On one occasion, in the after-dinner oratory, which gradually grew more luxuriant every moment, one speaker described MacPherson as having brought his children out of the land of Egypt into the land of promise.

"I cannot, my lord," said MacPherson when he came to reply, "allow myself to be called after the name of that man, Moses—Moses, the old fool, that lost every man he started with, and I lost none at all."

Dr. Rand's Poems.

Yet another book of poems, and one that promises much, if we may judge by the many exquisite things from the writer's pen that have from time to time appeared in the magazines, is announced for early issue by William Briggs. At Minas Basin and Other Poems is the title given to the collection by the author, Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., of McMaster University, Toronto.

A Light Sentence.

Amateur Poet (whose effusion has been "declined with thanks")—Let me tell you, sir, that that poem cost me two weeks' hard labor. Editor—Is that all? If I had had anything to do with passing sentence I'd have made it two months.

Heart Failure.

Great Danger Involved in Weak Heart Action.

The Trouble Can be Cured, and Mr. D. A. Bullock of Georgetown, Points Out the Road to Renewed Health.

From the *Magog, Que., News*.

Mr. D. A. Bullock, boatbuilder of Georgetown, is well and favorably known to all the residents of that village. He has passed through a very trying illness from which his friends feared he could not recover, but he is once more happily enjoying good health. To a correspondent of the *Magog News* Mr. Bullock recently gave the particulars of his illness and cure, saying that he would be very glad if his experience would prove hopeful in enabling someone else to regain health. He says: "There is no doubt in my mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me from the horrors of death to the glad, cheerful world. Some years ago, owing to over work and trouble I was reduced to a weak state of health, wherein the heart failed to do its work properly, and not unnaturally the stomach became inactive. I had visits from three doctors, but without beneficial results. The medicine given by one of them caused a nervous shock that prostrated me for several weeks. The last one who treated me gave me a preparation of strychnine, which upset my kidneys to such an extent that I was confined to the house and daily growing weaker. I had to keep stimulants constantly at my side to keep the heart at work, and even with this artificial aid its action was very faint. Then I began to try advertised medicines, but still without any good results. I lost strength, flesh and hope. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and that reminded me that I had a box of them at my place of business, which had been lying there for more than a year. Without very much confidence in them I decided to give the pills a trial. The result I must confess seemed to be almost magical. I had not taken the Pink Pills long when I was able to rest in my chair and take good refreshing sleep, something that had not taken place for months before. From that day with the use of the Pink Pills I continued to gain in strength, and am to-day a strong and healthy man. I believe that even Pink Pills should be assisted in their good work on the system, and that assistance is exercise, and this exercise I took from the time I began to regain my strength. I have now every faith in this medicine and believe that if those who are sick will use it, health will be the reward."

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Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Peckham? Snobson—Oh dear, yes; I've often shot at his house. Sportsman—Ever hit it?—*Punch*.

Mr. Watts—The idea of the pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched! Mrs. Watts—And why shouldn't he say so? Mr. Watts—Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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TORONTO



THE song recital given in St. George's Hall on Saturday evening last by Miss Edith Miller proved a most charming and interesting event. Miss Miller, whose artistic career may, in a sense, be said to have begun in Toronto, has always been a popular favorite with our music-loving public. For several seasons past the gifted young lady has been studying in Paris and London under such famous teachers as Marchesi and Randegger, and the recital of last Saturday evening furnished an opportunity to her many friends and the public generally of noting the extent of her artistic development abroad. A large cultured and fashionable audience was present and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed during the entire recital. Miss Miller's selections embraced a wide range of classical and modern songs, demanding a keen musical perception, versatility of style and technical equipments of a superior order. Regarding her interpretation of the chosen selections it can safely be said that the talented singer scored a pronounced triumph. Her voice has increased in richness and power since she was last heard in Toronto, whilst her style has matured and become artistic to an unusually high degree. Particularly noteworthy was the increased warmth of expression prevailing in compositions of a more dramatic character, the abandon with which these were sung and the passion infused into them demonstrating more, perhaps, than any other feature of her singing the earnest and thorough work accomplished by her abroad. Her programme was as follows: Song, Oh! For a Day of Spring, Leo Stern; arietta, In Questa Tomba, Beethoven; song, Well-a-Day, Randegger; melody, Fiore che Langue, Rotoli; recit. and air, My Heart is Weary, (Nadeschda), A Goring Thomas; arioso, Woe Unto Them (Elijah), Mendelssohn; recit., See, She Blushing Turns Her Eyes, air, Hymen, Haste, Thy Torch Prepare (Semela), Handel; song, The Bird and the Rose, A. E. Horrocks; old English ballad, Bailiff of Islington; Irish ballad, Kathleen Mavourneen, Crouch; lullaby, Shepherd's Cradle Song, Arthur Somervell. The assisting artists were: Mr. Donald Herald, Miss Franziska Heinrich and Miss Maud Gordon, pianists; Mr. Dinelli, accompanist, and Miss Lena Hayes, violinist, all of whom, as might have been expected, acquitted themselves with great credit. Special mention might be made of a very brilliant and thoroughly artistic performance of Brassin's transcription of Wagner's Magic Fire scene, by Miss Heinrich. This talented young pianiste, who is studying under Mr. Edward Fisher at the Conservatory of Music, bids fair to make her mark as a soloist in the near future.

Great interest is being felt in local musical circles in the approaching first appearance in Toronto of the eminent baritone, Mr. David Bispham, who has been engaged to sing at the concert to be given by the Toronto Male Chorus Club in Massey Hall on the evening of February 11 next. This splendid vocalist continues to win fresh triumphs wherever he appears. At a recent concert in Philadelphia he was accorded an ovation such as has seldom been witnessed in the Quaker city. The following comments from a Philadelphia paper convey some idea of the impression created by Mr. Bispham on this occasion: "His manner was different in everything he sang; with the character of the song changed the character of his singing; of the intent of the author he was ever aware. No complete appreciation and reproduction of the atmosphere of each song, of the meaning of each phrase, have ever been attained by a singer before a Philadelphia audience. Mr. Maurel has in a remarkable degree the power of giving his voice the color of the thought he is expressing, but Mr. Bispham has the power in an equally remarkable degree, and moreover, he has a great deal more voice than the French baritone has had for years. Mr. Bispham is surpassed in clearness of enunciation by no other singer; whether he sings English or German, whether French or Italian—and he sang in all four languages last night—you can hear every syllable every consonantal, as well as vowel, sound. The Cavalier songs, to which the Orpheus Club sang the choruses, were given with fine spirit, his King Charles, and Boot, Saddle, to Horse and Away, ringing out with a volume of tone that filled the Academy. The range of his voice is good, the carrying quality excellent, the volume strong, and the method of singing well-nigh perfect. All that art and intelligence can do has been done for this voice. Mr. Bispham's mastery of it is complete." A subscribers' list is now open at Messrs. Nordheimer's, King street east, and Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Yonge street.

The plan for subscribers for the Mendelssohn Choir concert, to be given in Massey Hall on Thursday evening next, opened to the public yesterday at the Hall. An immense number of seats were marked off and the prospects for a very large and brilliant audience are most encouraging. Over fifteen hundred dollar seats had been subscribed for before the opening of the plan, proving conclusively the popularity of the society with the music-loving public of Toronto. A feature of the list of subscribers is the large number of names sent in from outside points by choirmasters and others interested in choral music. Among the subscribers are prominent musicians of London, St. Thomas, Hamilton, Woodstock, Berlin, Galt, Clinton, Guelph, Peterboro' and other points. The programme of choruses to be rendered by the society embraces a great variety of compositions, including double choruses and motettes respectively by Mendelssohn, Gounod, Leslie and Hawley; glees by Bridge and Caldicott; part-songs by Baumer

and Blumenthal, and other works by Vierling and Maly. The assisting artists—Miss Aus der Ohe and Mlle. Verlet—will in themselves prove strong attractions for the concert. Aus der Ohe is too well known in Toronto to require any further comment in these columns as to her surpassing merits as a pianiste. Mlle. Verlet, who makes her first appearance in



Mlle. Alice Verlet.

Toronto on this occasion, is spoken of in enthusiastic terms by the press of leading American cities where she has appeared. She will sing Thomas' Mignon Polonaise, Grieg's Sunshine Song, and the soprano obligato to Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer. The plan will open to the public at Massey Hall on Monday morning.

A recital of much interest was given at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week by piano, organ and vocal pupils of the director, Mr. Torrington. Pupils of Mr. Torrington are regularly being brought forward in advance work at the College of Music, and do credit to themselves and their teacher. The following excellent programme served to illustrate the proficiency attained by the pupils participating, all of whom gave evidence of natural talent, supplemented by thorough and careful training on the part of their instructor: Beethoven, Sonata No. 5 (Finale); Schumann, Aufschwung, piano, Miss Haworth; (a) Schumann, Novelties, (b) Chopin, valse, F minor, piano, Miss Mansfield; Rolt, Belle Marquise, vocal, Miss Eileen Millet; (a) Mayer, Etude, (b) Vogrich, Staccato Caprice, piano, Miss Mabel Tait; Smart, Allegro (en forme d'ouverture), organ, Miss E. J. Martin; Chaminade, Tocata, op. 39, Chopin, Polonaise, op. 53, piano, Miss Nellie Kennedy; Handel, Recit. and Aria, O Rudder than the Cherry (Aeolus and Galatea), vocal, Mr. James Richardson; Chopin, (a) Henselt, Cradle Song, (b) Fantasie, (c) Ballade, G minor, piano, Miss Landell; Smith, For You, vocal, Miss Herson; Liszt-Mendelssohn, Wedding March, piano, Miss Ethel Husband. The pianists exhibited not merely executive technical ability, but also an intelligent idea of the spirit of the various numbers. Mr. Richardson sang Handel's Recit. and Aria from Aeolus and Galatea with excellent effect. Miss Herson was very successful in her ballad, and Miss Eileen Millet shows steady improvement in voice and style, and gives promise of ultimately taking a prominent place as a soprano concert vocalist.

The series of three lectures on the voice, delivered in this city on Monday evening, Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening last by Mr. Edward A. Hayes, principal of the School of Vocal Science, New York, created great interest among local singers. The lecturer chose as his subject for the first lecture (which was given at the Students' Union Building, Toronto University), Analysis of the Vocal Instrument. For the Tuesday afternoon lecture the subject was Beauty of Voice, its Physical Causes, and for the Wednesday evening lecture, which was given at the warehouses of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and which was under the auspices of the Toronto Clef Club, the lecturer dealt with The Breathing Apparatus. Mr. Hayes, in all of his lectures, proved himself to be a thorough master of the subjects dealt with, and the result of his demonstrations prove conclusively the wisdom of Mr. Walter H. Robinson in inviting the lecturer to appear in this city. The practical and interesting manner in which his facts were presented left a deep impression upon the large audiences assembled to hear him, and cannot fail to prove of great benefit to all students and others who were privileged to be present. I understand that the expense of Mr. Hayes' engagement was borne entirely by Mr. Robinson, whose enthusiastic belief in the principles advocated by the lecturer impelled him to provide for the benefit of the people of Toronto the series of lectures referred to.

Mr. Arthur Blakeley's organ recital on Saturday afternoon last attracted an immense audience to the Sherbourne street Methodist church. The programme, which was made up of compositions chosen from works of living composers, was listened to with marked attention by the large gathering present. Mr. Blakeley had assisting him Miss Fannie Sullivan, harpist, Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mr. Frank Blufford, violinist. The next and concluding recital of the present series will be given on the afternoon of March 20, when a "plebiscite" programme will be presented made up of the ten selections receiving the largest number of votes from attendants at Mr. Blakeley's recitals. These selections will be chosen from a printed list containing the names of all pieces played by Mr. Blakeley in his sixteen recitals.

Signor Mancinelli, the eminent opera conductor, in a recent interview stated that the secret of conducting is found in self-control and self-repression. He added: "In Italy they have a way of thinking that warmth and enthusiasm are the main things; but that is not my belief. Without the capacity for self-restraint, the utmost fervor will do nothing. The great aim of conducting should be to reproduce as nearly as possible the composer's

not the conductor's—desires. It is essential, also, if a conductor is to do his work properly, that he shall be himself acquainted with the science of composition, with harmony, counterpoint and the rest, so that he may understand fully the details of whatever composition he has to deal with."

Mrs. Fred W. Lee's annual piano recital will be given in St. George's Hall on the evening of February 4 next. This clever pianiste is recognized as one of the most finished and brilliant of Mr. H. M. Field's advanced pupils. Her programme on this occasion will embrace the following compositions: Weber—Andante and Rondo, from sonata in A flat; Chopin—Etude in F minor, Nocturne in B flat minor; Raff—Rigaudon; Schütt—Etude Miguonne; Mendelssohn-Liszt—Auf Flügeln des Gesanges; Chopin—Concerto in F minor (with second piano); Liszt—Faust Valse. Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor, will assist and contribute several selections during the evening.

Mr. R. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, will arrive in Canada for his 1897 tour in April next. Associated with him in his Canadian concerts will be Mr. George Fox, the popular and brilliant solo violinist. The combination of these two artists should prove a strong attraction wherever they appear. Mr. W. S. Jones of Brockville is Mr. Mills' Canadian agent and will be pleased to furnish information as to dates, terms, etc.

It is the intention of the Toronto Orchestra, of which Mr. F. H. Torrington is conductor, to give a series of popular orchestral concerts during the season. At the last rehearsal on Saturday evening last Beethoven's First Symphony and Weber's Oberon, Balfe's Maritana and Massenet's Phedre overtures were rehearsed. The next rehearsal is called for tonight.

Miss Frances World, the popular soprano, sings at to-morrow evening's service at the Carlton street Methodist church. The musical services at this church have of late been especially interesting and reflect much credit upon the musical arrangements existing there.

A feature of the recent Messiah performance in St. Michael's cathedral by the Philharmonic Society, under Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, was the admirable singing of Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn. This talented contralto has been meeting with very gratifying success this season, and is constantly increasing in popularity with the public.

Martini Sieveking, the great Dutch pianist and Paderewski's only rival, is booked to appear in Toronto on Friday, February 19.

The Elm street Methodist church has engaged the popular tenor, Mr. Harold Jarvis, to sing, both morning and evening, in connection with the anniversary services of the church to be held to-morrow. It would be well for those wishing to secure good seats to be at the church early.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Alice Turner, who has devoted herself to mission work, came on Monday to spend a few days with Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers, en route for the North-West, where, I am told, she and her relatives are all to reside.

Miss Lucy Sandys, who was for some time connected with the Anglican Deaconess' Home and the Western Hospital, is now engaged in hospital work in Brooklyn.

Major Waterbury has been away for ten days and returned home this week.

Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar gave a charming luncheon on Wednesday to a number of ladies, among whom were: Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Macdonnell, Mrs. Forester, and others.

Mrs. John Morrow, that most generous and loyal of women, did not, amid all the anxiety and worry of the most tangled family trouble, forget her pet, Miss Constance Jarvis, the beautiful bride of Wednesday. From Paris, home of the dainty, the sumptuous and the rare, came lovely things for the bridal fineries, and if love and gratitude are any comfort to the charming lady whom we miss so much, while she lingers in far off France, her kind heart should be strengthened by plenty of love and abounding gratitude for her unflinching thoughtfulness.

A very genial and delightful Irishman is Colonel Maunsell, who has been in town during the everlasting Queen's Own investigation. Unfortunately for the friends who would so gladly have seen more of him, the colonel has been a good deal engaged with his official investigation, and left town as soon as it was concluded to return to his far Eastern home.

Mr. Frank O'Hara's book for boys is a sensible, manly, and valuable set of talks, as from boy to boy, which will do its good work among the youngsters, or I am very much mistaken. Mr. O'Hara struck out single-handed to fight the world some years ago, and has gone steadily on to success. An amusing little reference in these essays to a pretty child with whom he used to make mud pies would surprise many did they know to which lovely Toronto girl it refers, a maiden who looks as if she had never played in baby days with anything more mundane than a rose-leaf!

When is the Capera Club going to give its lady friends a chance to admire its admirable work again?

A pretty episode at Osgoode dance was the instalment of one of our most cherished brides in the judge's chair to adjudicate on some merry dispute. Speeches were made, for and against, and the utmost hilarity reigned, but in the end the bonnie judge pronounced the case adjourned till—next year.

Miss Leverich of New York is visiting Miss Evelyn Cox at her home in Wellesley place. By the way, a recent addition to Mrs. Cox's circle is her young nephew, the son of the lamented and clever Gregory Cox, and a boy who shows a heritage of brightness, to which his kindly aunt is determined to give every development.

Miss Lillian Frances Massey is making her P. P. C. calls, in anticipation of her approaching marriage. Miss Massey's sweet and earnest character is known and admired by heaps of warm friends, and congratulations to Mr. Treble are utterly sincere.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore has her niece, Miss McKeand of Hamilton, a very bright and winning girl, on a short visit at Cloyneville. Miss McKeand on Monday took the place of the daughter of the house, and assisted Mrs. Beardmore to receive a host of callers. I am glad to note that Miss Beardmore, whose invalidism is such a disappointment to her friends, is doing very nicely in Dr. Temple's admirable hospital.

The young people's dance at Craiglea on Thursday was the smartest of the week's festivities.

Mr. Bolton Hall of New York will lecture on social reform in the Pavilion Sunday afternoon. He will occupy the pulpit of the Western Congregational church Sunday morning, and the Berean Methodist church Sunday evening, discussing the relation of the Church to everyday life.

Mrs. Kingston, the mother of Mrs. George J. Gould, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Brumell, at 380 Brunswick avenue.

Mr. A. A. Crandall of the Western Assurance Company left on Wednesday for Los Angeles. He purposes traveling in Southern California and Mexico for his health. He has experienced a severe throat trouble and it is hoped that an absence of a few months may set him right again.

I regret greatly that owing to unforeseen overcrowding of these columns last week, several personal items, and an account of the Daintry-Fitzhugh wedding, and that very smart military wedding in Quebec, were obliged to be omitted.

Mrs. Edward Fisher is in Boston, in attendance upon her mother, who has been quite ill.

"I am running this programme," said a determined maid to a man who had begged for a dance and refused to credit her assertion that none were left, without ocular demonstration. And she was quite right. In point of fact, it is not the proper thing, and certainly no man has the least right to demand the surrender of any lady's programme for his perusal, unless she be his better half and he a western copy of the unspeakable Turk.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones will receive for the first time at Llawhaden, her new home in St. George street, on next Friday afternoon, January 23. Many people are only waiting for the announcement that Llawhaden is made ready for visitors, to welcome Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones as hostesses of the west side, and they will be full of admiration, I have no doubt, of the taste and good judgment which have gathered so many pretty things in such a handsome

home. From the very threshold, where a door of translucent plate glass is screened by a wrought iron grille (le dernier cri in doors, as one may say) to the minutest detail of good housekeeping within, for which the daughter of the house gaily shoulders the responsibility, there is food for appreciation and pleasure to lovers of the beautiful in this home with the stately Welsh name.

Miss Marion Barker is out again after a long siege of typhoid fever. Everyone is glad to hear of her recovery.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis gave a delightful afternoon tea on Tuesday at her residence in Beverley street for the Montreal visitors who were down for the Hope-Jarvis nuptials.

There has arisen, as a necessity of the extension of our borders, the custom of giving a series of luncheons, or dinners, or suppers, and guests should beware of confusing dates. Only last week a couple arrived at a dinner a week before the day they were invited for, having lost the invitation card through a servant's carelessness after an acceptance had gone, but before the date was inscribed on the lady's engagement book. Fortunately there were members of the house party who discovered the superfluous woman and her attendant spouse in time to absent themselves from the festive board, but it was only a chance that they did so, and this little occurrence is a warning to all and sundry *les invites* to take care of their dates, and, like Captain Cuttle, "when found, make a note on." It is not every family that can vacate two places at a moment's notice, and it is not every two who would be quick-witted and amiable enough to take their dinners in the library or some less accessible spot to save embarrassment to a couple of guests who came marching in just a week ahead of time.

A series of cosy luncheons are *en train* at a delightful home in St. George street. Two east side hostesses are also giving a series of suppers, preceded by theater parties, rink parties and other seasonable frisks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newman celebrated the seventh anniversary of their marriage last Friday evening by a large and enjoyable progressive euchre party and supper. Mrs. Joe Beatty and Mr. Code secured the first prizes, and four other prizes also pleased their lucky winners. Newman having been very generous with the pretty spoils which belong to the victor.

Mrs. Proctor of Grenville street entertained the Saturday Sketch Club last week. Mrs. Saunders of St. Mary street is, I hear, to be the next hostess.

Everyone was glad to hear from Miss Madge Gooderham how charmingly her sister Dora, Mrs. McCormick, is settled in her new home in Maryland. Miss Gooderham returned from a visit to the bride some little time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and Mr. George Carruthers arrived safely at Genoa a few days since.

Miss Hill has already made up a party of five to tour Europe next summer.

Mr. Harry O'Reilly was down in Windsor last week, I conjecture to meet the family of his pretty *fiancee*, Miss Dollie Dench.

Mrs. Acton Burrows is settled most comfortably in a very pretty house No. 120, in Bedford road.

Three teas of last week were most delightful and made Wednesday a busy day. Mrs. Grantham and Miss Shanklin were hostesses to a very large party, Mrs. Grantham receiving in the drawing-room of her handsome house in College street, while Miss Shanklin, Mrs. Thompson (nee Grantham) Miss McKinnon, Miss Brock and other ladies took charge of the tea-room, where a pretty buffet was admirably done in pink with ribbons, roses and scarf of gauze, and where the color note was sustained by the tint of the frocks worn by the attractive bevy of assistants. A lot of congenial people, mostly intimate friends, and a very popular hostess managed to pass a bright hour together, Mrs. Grantham's kindness and tact never failing to make her social affairs the pleasantest of their kind.

Miss Grace Cawthra of Yeaton Hall has not been quite strong lately. Since the birthday dinner and dance in her brother's honor on New Year's eve she has not been out much, and her fair face is missed by her friends.

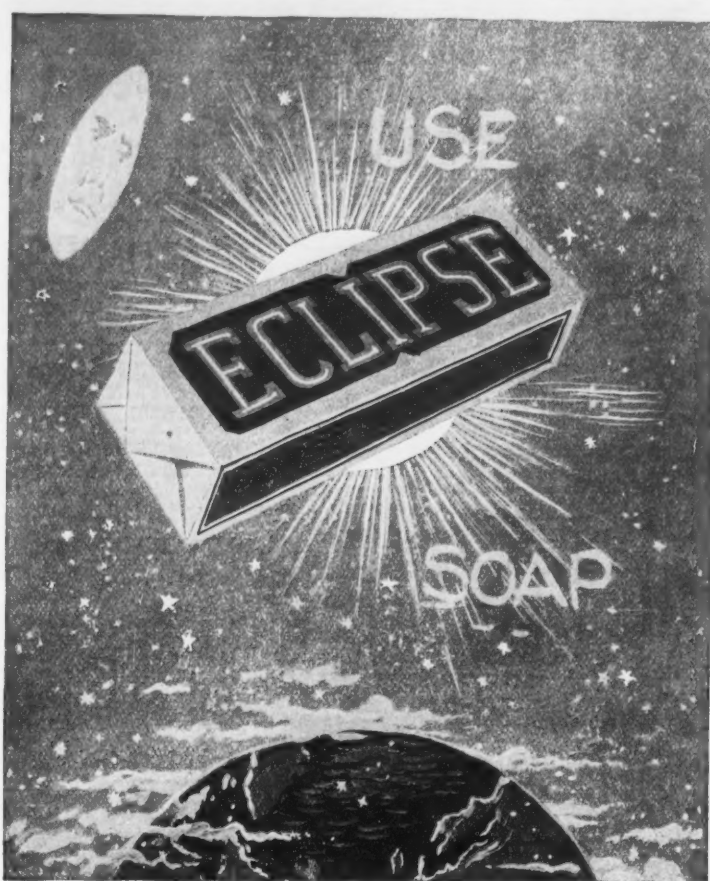
The flags flying at half-mast on Sunday from the fire halls sent many an anxious householder scurrying out unusually early to ask the reason for the eloquent signal. The sudden death of the foreman of the Bay street fire hall, at the advanced age of seventy-four, was the *raison d'être* of what made some people exceedingly uneasy, in view of the common interest felt by thousands in dear people far away from us just now.

The Dancing Club will hold their second reunion at Mrs. Larratt Smith's. An evening at Glenedyth, with the lady president of the Club as its charming hostess, is on the *tapis* for a final, but neither will probably take place before February.

The latest engagement announced in society circles is that of Mr. Percy Goldingham and Miss Amy Boulton.

Mrs. Reeves of Montreal is a charming visitor in town, who is staying with Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Dawson gave a delightful tea for Mrs. Reeves, and the guests were glad to see Mrs. Crookes able to be downstairs again for the occasion.

What to do in case of a clashing of two events is a very simple matter of etiquette, and as inevitable as simple with people who know *les convenances*. The hostess whose cards are out first has the *pas*. One may accept both, and having honored the first by an hour's attendance, may in all propriety devote time to the second in precedence. But on no account may one refuse the earlier invitation and accept the subsequent one. Such a course would be utterly repugnant to good breeding and the



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laws unwritten (but Medo-Persian) of good society. In only one case could it be permissible; that is, when the invitations included a family of several members. Then a "divvy-up" of the forces could be agreed upon and some go east and some go west to the conflicting functions.

The absence of the "beautiful" has resulted in a lot of skating on the various frozen-over places around the city. The democratic Don and the haughty Humber have shared the thousands with the more accessible Bay, and boys, girls, men and maidens—aye, and some brisk matrons and dauntless old chappies, have

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had a big fat frolic for several happy days. The moon was fine on Monday and Tuesday evenings, but the mercury fell away down and the still air was nipping cold.

Miss Constance Temple gave a pleasant tea to a lot of her girl friends on Friday of last week. The guest of honor, Miss Atkinson of Quebec, was on a visit with the pretty hostess, and the young people voted her a charming girl.

Mrs. Kenneth Stewart gave a large juvenile party one evening last week at her new home in Beverley street. Mrs. Matthew Riddell of Spadina road also entertained a jolly party of little people last week, and Mrs. John Hagarty was hostess to the embryo *jeunesse doree* on Friday evening. Taking it altogether, the young ones and the *debutantes* have more than shared the care of hostesses with older folk this season.

Parties desiring reliable information about the east coast of Florida, its hotels, tourists' resorts, orange, lemon and pineapple plantations or truck farms, and for special railway rates, will do well to consult Mr. J. R. Walker, agent land department, 15 Toronto street, Toronto, or Mr. J. E. Ingraham, land commissioner, St. Augustine, Fla.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand five hundred dollars (\$1,500.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 31st Dec., 1896.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis gave a tea on Tuesday for the friends from Montreal who came to the marriage of her niece with Mr. William Hope of that city. Mrs. Hope, mother of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hope, Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper, Mr. Angus Hooper and Mr. Frederick Meredith comprised the wedding party, and to meet them were the following guests present: Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Stephen Howard, Mrs. Griffin, Col. and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. C. O'Reilly, Mrs. W. Barwick, Mrs. George Hagarty, Captain Tassie, Mrs. George Harman, Mr. Geddes, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. and the Misses Harmon Brown, the Misses Ruyard Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Lieut.-Col. George T. and Mrs. Denison, Capt. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Heinrich, Mrs. Cattanaeh, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Henry Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie, the Misses Elmslie, Miss Campbell, Miss Gzowski, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Wylly Grier, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. M. Temple, Miss G. Temple, Miss Fannie Robertson, Mr. John Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss Gwynne, Gapt. and Mrs. Howard, and Mr. Scott Griffin.

The West End Lending Library is now fully equipped and in running order, and the people in that vicinity are beginning to appreciate the boon it is to have up-to-date and interesting fiction. The members of the committee being constant readers of English critiques are conversant with what is being read and appreciated in the Mother Country, and purchase accordingly. The books are uniformly covered with red and present a pleasing appearance, and the length of time allowed for their retention has been extended to ten days. The librarian has also decided to open the library from ten to twelve o'clock on Tuesdays, and ten to four o'clock on Fridays of each week.

Miss Forsyth of Barrie is visiting Mrs. Sanderson Pearcey of Bloor street.

On Friday evening, January 15, the Bachelors and Benedicts of Kincardine held their annual ball in the Opera House, which was most tastefully decorated in red, white and blue bunting, interspersed with flags. To the untiring and unselfish efforts of the secretary, Mr. H. F. Denning, ably assisted by the stewards, is due the universal success of the ball, which was conceded to be the most enjoyable dance given in Kincardine for some time. It was indeed a very difficult task to decide who was the belle, as both visitors and town ladies were equally charming, but listening to the comments of all present one heard that the acknowledged belle was Miss Jean M. Beatty of Los Angeles, Cal., who was most becomingly attired in pink taffeta and chiffon with *la France* roses. Among those present were: Mrs. (Lieut.-Colonel) Scott gowned in white brocade, and Mrs. J. A. Simpson in white silk and point lace; Mrs. Nichol of Lucknow, radiant in white satin, with pearl trimmings; Miss W. Loscombe, in a dainty gown of white silk and chiffon, with pink rose-buds; Miss Cargill of Cargill, in a *chir* gown of black grenadine, relieved by cerise velvet and roses, diamond ornaments; Miss Secord in white satin, with trimmings of green velvet. Among other sweet maidens in charming gowns were: Miss Bishop of Strathroy, Miss Josephine Beatty, Miss Maud Bishop, Miss Stewart and Miss McClaus.

Mrs. Lowndsbrough had a jolly little party of congenial friends to luncheon on Thursday to meet Dr. Annie Backus.

Mr. Blaikie gave a dinner to some official friends on Wednesday.

In spite of its being the quietest of weddings, for which invitations had not been issued, a crowd of friends assembled at St. Michael's to witness the marriage at eleven o'clock on Wednesday of Mr. Henry St. George Gray and Miss Norma Merrick. Rev. Father Ryan officiated and Miss Allie Merrick was bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Gray went to New York for a wedding trip and will reside in Gerrard street, corner of Sherbourne, on their return.

Ida—Harry has quite a vivid imagination, hasn't he? Minnie—Yes, indeed! He thinks he has a tenor voice.—Puck.

Brown—Blighted has profound faith in progress. Robinson—Has he? Brown—Yes; he feels certain that the world will be able to get along without him, after he's gone; although he can't understand just how it is going to be done.—Puck.

Tom Scribbler (desperately)—Jack, I'm sick and tired of writing bad poetry for a living. I shall not cudgel my brains any longer. I have a better plan. Jack Plunger—What is it? Tom Scribbler—I shall make me a sand-bag and cudgel other people's brains.—Er.

He—How is it you've never learnt to skate, are you afraid of falling? She—Oh, it isn't the falling exactly I mind; but you can never be certain who'll pick you up.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MULHOLLAND—Jan. 11, Mrs. H. M. Mulholland, of Jameson avenue, of a daughter.
MCMICHAEL—Jan. 17, Mrs. A. McMichael—a son.
VIDAL—Jan. 11, Mrs. Herbert Vidal—a daughter.
FLETCHER—Jan. 18, Mrs. J. Fletcher—a daughter.
WILLOUGHBY—Jan. 16, Mrs. J. H. C. Willoughby—a son.
MCKELLAR—Jan. 18, Mrs. A. McKellar—a son.
MURRAY—Jan. 13, Mrs. John Murray—a daughter.
CARMAN—Jan. 14, Mrs. W. A. Carman—a daughter.

Marriages.

OHARA—CUTTING—At Coaticook, Que., on January 18, 1897, H. R. O'Hara of Toronto to Laura May Cutting of Coaticook.
HOPE—JARVIS—Jan. 20, Wm. Hope to Constance Jarvis.
CARBURY—SHAVER—Jan. 20, Thos. E. Carbury to Eliza Shaver.
GRAY—MERRICK—Jan. 20, Major Henry Gray to Norma Y. Merrick.
VIVIAN—BATELL—Jan. 12, Ernest Vivian to Maud Battell.

Deaths.

CANNIFF—Jan. 15, Eliza Canniff.
HUNTER—Jan. 16, Robert Hunter.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

As Follows:
10 First Prizes, \$100 Stearns' Bicycles, . . . \$ 1,000
25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch 625
Bicycles and Watches given each month . . . 1,625
Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP"—These (called "coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the **STAMP** of the District Competitor lives in.

NO. OF DISTRICT	NAME OF DISTRICT
1	Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe & all Counties W. and S. of these
2	Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka & all Counties E. & S. of these
3	Province of Quebec
4	Province of New Brunswick
5	Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island

Stratford, N.Y., & Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers and has complete attachments

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897, in each of the 5 districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:
The 3 competitors who send in the largest number of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gentleman's Bicycle, value \$100.
The 5 competitors who send in the next largest number of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, value \$25.
The competitions will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.
3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.
4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.
5. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 Scott St., Toronto

Two Extremes!

Where It's Too Cold
People aren't intelligent—or even civilized. They're in a sort of icy stupor the year round, and the air's never warm enough to thaw out their brains.

Where It's Too Hot
Forks are just as stupid. Clear heads and a perennial scorching don't go together.

The brightest workers—the most comfortable mortals live twixt the tropics. By the same token, as our Irish friends say, a house that's HEATED with Safford Radiators will have the brightest, happiest, healthiest inmates. A stove is unbearable. A hot-air furnace sends up dry, health-injuring heat.

SAFFORD Patent Radiator

Form the best method for distributing the best kind of heat.

HOT WATER and STEAM

They are economical—easily regulated—plain or ornamental—in a multitude of styles.

When you Build or Remodel your Heating Apparatus select the "Safford"

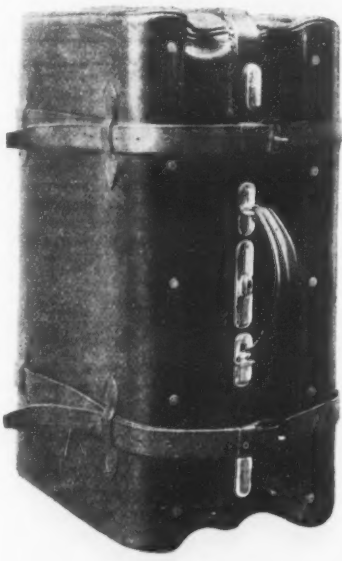
The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co. (LIMITED), TORONTO, ONT.
The Largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag.

PATENTED AND REGISTERED.

JEFFREY—Jan. 17, Catherine Jeffrey, aged 72.
TIZARD—Jan. 17, George L. Tizard, aged 50.
DOUGLAS—Jan. 15, Elizabeth Douglas, aged 81.
MACHAE—Jan. 15, Annie S. Machae, aged 66.
ALLAN—Jan. 13, Sara E. Allan.
STRATTON—Chicago, Jan. 17, Ellen Stratton.
ROBINSON—Jan. 19, Herbert Robinson, aged 50.
RICHES—Sherbrooke, Jan. 13, Elizabeth P. Riches.

Bellows Bag

—Expands or contracts
—according to amount
—you wish to carry.



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Leather Goods Co. Limited.
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Fine Traveling and Leather Goods

DIPHTHERIA
Drive it out. Use **SPOONER'S PHENYLE DISINFECTANT**
SURE
Ask Druggists or Hardware for it.

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FOR . . . Dwelling Houses
REDUCTION IN PRICE

The Toronto Electric Light Company (Ltd.) have the pleasure to inform their customers and the public generally that for RESIDENCE PURPOSES ONLY they have decided to make a reduction of

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from the present rate—or 60 per cent., in place of 40 per cent. discount for prompt payment.
To enable the public to take advantage of this offer they will also make material reductions in the cost of wiring and supplies.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IS NOW

Cheaper Than Gas

Telephone the office (No. 969) and an agent will be sent to give every information.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd.
J. J. WRIGHT, Manager
OFFICE: Esplanade and Scott Streets.

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Canadian-Australian Line
SPECIAL TRIP

ROUND THE WORLD \$560

R. M. S. "AORANGI"
INTENDED TO LEAVE LONDON, ENG.,
MARCH 7, 1897
Via Teneriffe, Cape Town, Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand, Fiji, Hawaii and Vancouver.
Tickets good for 12 months.
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Or any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO.

The only makers in Canada of a complete line of

Wedding Stationery

*Ask for our make.

Nos. 43, 45, 47, 49 Bay Street, TORONTO

YOUR WIFE KNOWS

How very much depends on one's hair been prettily dressed for a photograph. We employ an expert hairdresser for the benefit of our customers; in fact, every employee is a specialist. You know what a specialist in medicine is; well, it's just the same in photography. See our window display; it will convince any person. We claim it to be the finest ever made by a Canadian photographer.

See if you think we claim too much.

N. B.—We make any kind of a portrait that can be made in strictly high-class style at moderate prices.

Frederick Lyonde
101 King Street West

Established 1815

Ladies

For a limited time we are presenting an unprecedented opportunity to purchasers of

FINE FURS

The **WHOLE** of our **MANUFACTURED** stock is subject to liberal discount
SOME LINES BEING SPECIAL

ALASKA SABLE CAPERINES,	\$27.50 FOR \$19.50
ALASKA SABLE MUFFS,	\$10.00 FOR \$6.50
PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS,	\$75, \$85, \$95
FUR LINED CAPES,	\$20.00 UP

These are all new up-to-date **FURS**. **STRICTLY CASH**

JAS. H. ROGERS Cor. King and Church Streets

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E. & H. JOHNSTON **MODES**
122 KING STREET WEST
NOVELTIES IN
Latest French Costumes and Millinery

Careful management is the secret of success in mining as well as in other business. A practical knowledge of mining is also necessary. The investor is assured these in the

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